

CLATSOP COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

CUMTUX



Vol. 17, No. 2 – Spring 1997



Courtesy of Tom Crecraft

ROYAL NEIGHBORS OF AMERICA

The virtues of Modesty, Faith, Unselfishness, Endurance, and Grace proclaimed on these banners remind us that more than dress style has changed since the photo was taken some sixty years ago.

Tom Crecraft of Gearhart, who provided this photograph, identified the tall woman in the back row, 4th from the left, as Anna Pice Loomis. We hope the readers will help identify the others.

The Royal Neighbors of America was organized in Clatsop County in January 1900. It was the women's group attached to the organization of the Modern Woodmen of America. There were groups in Warrenton, Seaside and in Astoria. The first officers of the club in 1900 were: oracle, Mrs. Ella A. Clark; vice oracle, Mrs. Theodesa Hendricks; recorder, Mrs. Daisy Connors; receiver, Mrs. Lizzie Rich; chancellor, Mrs. Mary A. Babbidge; marshal, Mrs. Christina Jorgenson; sentinel, Mrs. Hannah Andrews; managers, Mrs. Loula Henderson and Mrs. Hannah Svenson; and physician, Dr. H. L. Henderson.

This issue of Cumtux tells the stories of some remarkable Clatsop County women.

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CUMTUX

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Contents:

- i ROYAL NEIGHBORS OF AMERICA**
- 2 THE FINNISH BUMPKINS**
By Kate Tolonen Stevens
- 10 CANNON BEACH HOTEL MEMORIES**
By Eva Dye Hutchinson
- 16 MEMORIES OF THE 1949-1950 SLIDE**
By Ivy Miller Jackson
- 17 THE LEANDER ANDERSON FAMILY**
- 19 VIOLA ANDERSON ABRAHAMSON**
By Verdun (Vern) Lowell Parker
- 24 CENTERFOLD: Uniontown**
- 26 GOLDEN YEARS FOR THE LILLENGS**
By Judith Rinell Westersund
- 28 THE 1885 WEDDING OF G.F. PARKER
& LUCY POWELL**
- 30 GRANDMA LANDPHEAR**
By Rev. Thomas A. Hyland
- 33 SARAH L. GEARHART BYRD**
- 36 THE DIARY OF ALBA JENSEN:**
Clatsop County School Teacher
- 41 ASTORIA'S CANDY MAN:**
HENRY HOEFLER
By Walter (Wally) Palmberg

Cover: Kate Tolonen Stevens in 1929
Photo courtesy of Judy Stevens Fladger

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*CUMTUX: Chinook jargon:
"To know...acknowledge...to inform"*

THE FINNISH BUMPKINS

By Kate Tolonen Stevens

We left Finland for Astoria, Oregon about October 20, 1906. We included my mother [Elsa Liisa Wayrynen Tolonen], 38, sister Hilma, 12, brother Matt, 10, brother Tauno, about ten months old and myself, 5 years old. My father [Matt Henrik Tolonen] had emigrated earlier.

We were each burdened with luggage in the form of wicker baskets, knapsacks and bundles tied with leather straps. Also, there was mother's coffee pot and a basket of jerky and hardtack. Mother was a coffeeholic and had a fear of running short of food en route.

While crossing the North Sea, the ship battled a terrific storm. We were sick and confined to our stateroom. Mother fed us the salty jerky as a sure cure for seasickness. This storm caused us to miss our connections at Liverpool for Ellis Island, New York.

There was a two day wait at Liverpool for passage on another steamship line. The waiting was done in the steamship company's waiting room where we slept and ate on the wooden benches.

One morning, mother decided to take us for a walk around the shops. As we stepped outside, the clatter of hooves of the huge Clydesdales and wheels of the omnibuses on the cobblestone streets was deafening. Years afterwards, if our home became too noisy, mother would scold us with "You're as noisy as Liverpool's big horses."

During the walk, mother carried Tauno. Matt hung on to mother's skirt

at her left, I hung on to her skirt at her right, and Hilma held my right hand. In one shop there was a display of boy's clothes. Mother purchased a suit for Matt that was styled like a British sailor's uniform.

Once out on the street again, Hilma, the ever curious one, forgot to hold my hand and started window shopping on her own and lost the rest of us. When mother realized she wasn't with us, she held a conference about where we saw her last. It was useless to ask for help as the only English words Mother knew were "Tank you." After a few minutes, Hilma appeared, breathless from running, and explained, "I got lost. Didn't dare to cross the street so I ran around the block and found you."

The ship out of Liverpool was the *Southward*. Since we were emergency passengers, we did not have the class of passage that father had paid for. We traveled steerage class. Not much service, especially in the line of food. Mother supplemented it with jerky and hardtack. The bread at the long table was rationed to one slice per passenger per meal. One mealtime a passenger failed to appear and there was one slice over. Mother and an Irish woman across from her were each eyeing the extra slice. Each gulped her slice and simultaneously reached for the remaining slice. There was laughter when each came up with a half slice.

Hilma took us for tours to all parts of the ship. Whether it was first class



Courtesy of the Editor
Katie Tolonen in the 1919 Astoria High School yearbook.

quarters or the stokers' section didn't matter to her. Matt was fascinated with the empty soda pop bottles lying around the decks and made collections. One day while on one of Hilma's tours, we entered a large room with a long table set with food. Men in uniform were seated around it. They appeared to be pleased at our intrusion, so when one of the men indicated for us to sit down, we did so. He had plates of delicious food set for us. When we told mother where food was to be had, she advised us to continue eating there. This was against all Finnish principles, as ordinarily she would have ordered us to go curtsy and apologize. But the jerky was getting lower and lower and food had to come before good manners. Years later, we learned that we ate in the officers' mess.

The second English word we

learned was "Opo duck." Daily, a seaman came through our quarters shouting, "Opo duck." At this call, all passengers climbed several sets of stairs to the main deck. Mother didn't like the procedure so she would climb into an upper berth and start to nurse the baby. The seaman never insisted. Years later, we realized that the call was "Upper deck." This gave clearance for cleaning the staterooms.

We docked at Quebec instead of Ellis Island as our tickets read. There was a several days wait at the immigration station. While there, mother discovered that an immigrant family was locked up in one of the rooms. They were crying and hollering so she peeped through the keyhole. Sign language indicated that the occupants were hungry. Mother left us and shortly came up with an immigration officer who could speak Finn plus several other languages. He helped those in distress and mother explained to us that those people had a very contagious eye disease and would have to remain there until cured.

All this time my father's efforts to locate us had been in vain. Neither the steamship company nor railroad company could give any more information than that we had left Finland.

From Quebec, we went by train and ferry to the entry point at Sault Saint Marie, Michigan and then to Hancock, Michigan. There in the ladies' lounge, I had the most memorable experience. Twin sisters were helping each other with hair dressing. And help they needed for each had thick blonde hair that reached within a few inches of the floor. I kept walking by them and gawking until Mother yanked me out of my daze saying, "They are from a traveling circus." She said it in a tone of voice indicating that they were not exactly decent. Never did know how mother could glean so much information when her English

vocabulary consisted of two words.

Next, we were on a Great Northern or Northern Pacific headed West. One day, a gentleman with a dazzling gold watch and chain across his waist came through our coach and talked to mother. Somehow she understood that he was asking for permission to touch my two thick braids. Mother consented. He took a braid in each hand, looked them over, released them and pressed a coin in my hand. In my older days, I liked to think that he was Diamond Jim Brady. I held the coin so tightly in my hand that my fingers ached. It was the first money I ever remember holding. It probably was a dime. But, the man wasn't John D. Rockefeller. This was a huge fat man. Mother finally confiscated the coin.

The train sped through level areas and there, dark-haired people would come on for short rides. Mother explained that they were Indians. The high Rocky Mountains and deep canyons were frightening. Mother forbade us to look out of the windows. She herself sat as far to the aisle as possible, as if to balance the coach should it start falling over. Once on a big curve, I looked anyway. There were so many cars in the train that two engines were required to take it over the mountains. Excitedly, I shouted, "There's a puller and a pusher on this train." Frightened, Mother pulled me back.

Mother hadn't had what she called "good coffee" since we left Finland. She was suffering from withdrawal pains. The train stopped at a very small town for a few minutes. She spied a "Cafe" sign. Interpreting it for "Coffee" (Finnish, "Kafia") she grabbed her copper coffee pot and darted out of the coach unseen by the conductor and went into the cafe. She had a cup of coffee and had her pot filled. Just as she stepped out of the cafe, the train pulled off. We didn't

cry. We didn't panic. We had been taught never to do so. All Finns must have "sisu." The nearest definition that I have ever heard for "sisu" is, "strength beyond human endurance." Someone attracted the train crews' attention and the train was able to stop about a mile away. Mother walked for the first time on the soil of this beautiful free United States. As she entered the coach, there was laughter and hurraing, which she responded to by raising her coffee pot high as she could and said, "Mmm."

At this stage of the journey, I had become travel worn, sick, tired and beset with a terrible earache. We came through Spokane, Washington and on to Tacoma, Washington. Here two men boarded the train. They were from Astoria and lived in the same rooming house as my father did. They knew father's tale of woe and immediately recognized who we were. They took over and sent a telegram to my father as to our arrival.

At Astoria, we boarded a street car for father's boarding house. Street cars in those days had a long bench across each side instead of short seats across. Our baggage wasn't the only thing that identified us as new immigrants. We wore long homespun dresses, our coats were cumbersome, leather boots that had upturned toes, something like elf shoes. Matt's clothing was the most dramatic, for he arrived in the uniform of a British sailor plus the Finn boots. The two friends of father's took the rest of them home when father and I got off at the business section to see a Finnish doctor, [Heikki] Koljonen, about my ears. He lanced my ears.

We reached the boarding house of Mrs. John Wuopio with whom I fell in love immediately--for what did she have but a children's rocking chair. Every home in Finland had a rocking chair for adults and another for children. It's a



Courtesy of Bruce Tolonen

Matt H. Tolonen picking strawberries with five of his ten children at 793 Erie Ave., Astoria, about 1916. Seen here, left to right, are Venla, Margaret, Matt H., Carl H., Elsie, and Rose.

Finnish tradition. Other traditions are a white table cloth at all times and each home must have a violin, accordion, or at least a harmonica. The violins were handmade by the head of the family as a rule. My father's legacy to each of his nine children was a violin that he made.

This was November 3, 1906. We stayed a few days with the Wuopios while father was furnishing a house for us. It was a two bedroom house, with a living room and a kitchen. Living rooms were used only in case of company, though Matt did sleep on the sofa. Father had also supplied the living room with an adult rocker and a children's rocker. Hilma immediately busied herself with crocheting a scarf for the full length of the rocker. In the kitchen, there was a table and chairs plus a bench for a pan in which to wash hands and face and another pan for washing dishes. There was a pantry to store food and groceries. No bathtub. Who needed one! This was

in the Finnish section of Astoria and saunas were plentiful. They were a Saturday night treat for which you paid 5 cents and the owner would give you free coffee and coffee cake.

About one third of the town was composed of Finns. New Finnish families were arriving often to escape compulsory military duty for their sons. Finland was under Russian dominance and the duty was to have been in the Russian army.

As each new family arrived, the children were called and addressed as "Suomen Moukas" by those who had been here longer. This meant "A Finnish Bumpkin." We were no exception. The title did not anger us, nor did we feel belittled or disrespected. Suomi is the official name of Finland.

A few days after our arrival, Hilma and Matt entered Taylor School which was a block above us on a hill overlooking the gorgeous Columbia River and

State of Washington on the other side. The principal, Clara Barker, was pondering what grade to enter them in. At this point, a fourth grade teacher, a Miss [Lena] Fastabend, came by. She gave Hilma and Matt a look and said, "I'll take them." Incidentally, some fifteen years later, after Miss Fastabend took them over, she came to visit friends in Astoria. Hilma contacted her and invited her for dinner at her home. She also invited Matt and me. Miss Fastabend sort of giggled all through the dinner and finally came out with, "You know why I volunteered to take you and Matt into my fourth grade. Well, it was this way. I was on that street car the night you arrived in Astoria. I was fascinated by the way Hilma studied everyone and everything. Finally, her gaze came to the shoes of the riders. She looked hard at them, then at her own boots, placed her feet pigeon-toed and pulled her skirts over them. So, I said to myself, 'I want that bright girl in my class.'"

I spent my days in the front yard playing with a cat, the first I had ever seen, that the previous tenant had left. My toys consisted of wooden dolls that father carved out of kindling wood, some trees and a fan that he had also carved. The second building to the left of us was the home of Deacon [Anton] Johnson. His daughter, Elna, came over with a wagon. She was my first playmate. When foreigners received their citizenship papers, they could, at the same time, change their name to a more pronounceable one. The customary way was to add "son" to their father's first name. This made many similar surnames so they were called by their occupations, as Carpenter Peterson, Lawyer Anderson, Watchmaker Johnson, Buttermilk Ericson.

One day when Elna came to play with me, she had a bag of peanuts. I

watched intently as she shelled and ate them. Finally, she said, "Finnish Bumpkin, do you want one?" How could anything taste that wonderful? Elna said, "You can buy them for a nickel at the grocery store."

I craved peanuts, but had too much "sisu" to beg for a nickel from my father. Opportunity knocked. In an apartment next door lived a Mr. and Mrs. John Kauppi. They had a few-months-old daughter, Dagmar, who cried day and night. It disturbed us. One day my mother asked father if she should go and help her with the baby. His reply was, "Don't worry. The baby will be a singer some day." Mrs. Kauppi did not dare to leave the baby with any one. Mr. Kauppi was a clerk in the Finntown grocery. One day Mrs. Kauppi came to me, gave me a nickel and said, "Go to Mr. Kauppi and get a loaf of bread." I had never been alone in the grocery store before. I looked all over but couldn't see any bread. But, I did see this glass case full of bagged peanuts. I bought a bag and ran to Mrs. Kauppi's apartment with, "I couldn't see any bread, so I bought you some peanuts." Mrs. Kauppi, who weighed over 200 pounds, started to laugh. The perspiration ran down her forehead, face and neck. She grabbed a diaper and started wiping. When she became kind of purplish and made funny breathing noises, I ran out. Sometime later she came out and brought the peanuts for me. She turned her back and tried not to laugh and hurried home. Incidentally, Mrs. Dagmar Kauppi McIntyre did become a soloist.

If I did try to talk English, the neighborhood children would laugh at me and remark, "The Finnish Bumpkin is trying to talk English." I talked Finn with Elna.

Christmas, 1906 came around. In Finland it had meant that we would re-

ceive a piece of hard candy, a cinnamon roll that had sugar sprinkled on it and there was a lot of singing. This year on Christmas Eve, father took me to Alex Palo's department store to make a selection. That's where my father had bought me my first American shoes with laces. The store was all aglitter with brightness of lights and merchandise. I selected a set of three sad irons*, just like father had bought for mother. Later, in the evening, a Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Saari, friends of my father, came over, accompanied by their son, Joseph, who was younger than I. Joseph presented me with a demi-tasse china cup and saucer. Father's cousin, whom we called Uncle Charlie, gave me a little pottery house. These were the first Christmas presents I ever remember receiving. I sat at the table for hours after everyone had gone to bed and gazed at them. How pretty! I still have the cup and saucer.

Looking up the hill toward the school, I could see a huge white home. It had a sort of dome-like effect on the roof and porches around two sides. It was ornamented with filigree in the Victorian style. I asked Elna, "Who lives there?" Her answer, "Some very, very rich people. They have one big room that is full of gold. Their name is Charles Wilson (in Finnish, Kalle Kankkonen)." Wilson was a building contractor and also owned a boat shop. He was my father's employer. One of my father's friends from the boarding house days had talked to Mr. Wilson about father coming to America and that he had attended carpentry and cabinetry training school. Mr. Wilson approved. Father went to work for him a few days after arrival in the United States. Mr. Wilson had the [sub]contract at that time to build the St. Mary's Hospital. After a few hours of training in feet and inches, father was assigned to build the detailed ornamental

altar.

When father went to get his citizenship papers, Mr. Wilson was one of his witnesses. The judge interrogated Mr. Wilson as to father's character. Finally, he asked, "Is this man an anarchist?" Mr. Wilson didn't know what an anarchist was, so he answered, "Yes." The result was that the judge asked father to come back in five years. Mr. Wilson was mortified. Law required that witnesses be paid \$5.00, before the examination. The next day at work, Mr. Wilson came to father with apologies and gave him a check for \$5.00. Other employees were angry. Father pleaded with them that Charlie was a good man, but he just didn't know. Father admired and respected him to the end. When mother and I went through father's souvenirs after his death, we found a piece of paper folded to about the size of a postage stamp. It was the check for \$5.00. **

More and more English words were coming into my speech. The first full sentence came one day when I decided to help three boys about my age in filling burlap sacks with wild grass. They would tie the mouth of the sack tight and play a game of hitting each other with the filled sack. It was giggly fun until Waino Johnson happened by and started kicking the sacks down an embankment. I was angered and said very angrily, "Don't kick that sack," my first complete sentence. Waino was Elna's brother and about eleven years old. He looked at me and said, "The Finnish Bumpkin says, 'Don't kick that sack.'" He repeated it several times and then walked off. I told no one. Waino was my brother's pal. Next time he came over to get Matt, he gave me a half bag of peanuts.

Came time to enter the first grade. There were no kindergartens in those days. Miss Barker, besides being school principal, was the first grade teacher. A



Elsa Liisa Tolonen (1871-1946) celebrated her 75th birthday on the John Jacob Astor Hotel mezzanine in 1946. Left to right, back row: Ellen V.; Carl J.; Leona; Wayne Oja; Sylvia Oja; Matt E.; Chuck Olson; Elsie Olson, Bertha Nelson; Osmo Adrian; Jalmar Salvon; Paul O.; Carl H., Venla Adrian. At the table: Margaret; Hilma Salvon; Elsa Liisa; Kate; Aili; Viola; Rose. Children: Marvin; Dennis Adrian; Judy Stevens. (Those without surnames listed are Tolonens.)

Courtesy of Mark Tolonen

Finn girl about twelve, named Seneda Juntti, volunteered to take me the first day. I knew a little English by now from Hilma and Matt. Miss Barker asked my name but couldn't understand it. So I said to Seneda in Finn that I could write it. So I wrote Kaisu Tolonen in Finnish script as my mother had taught me. Miss Barker and Seneda had a fast conversation. I heard Seneda repeat Kaisu, Kaisa, Kaija, Katrina. They are all the same in Finnish. Between the two, I was rechristened Katie Tolonen. I have blessed Seneda many times for that ceremony.

New "Finnish Bumpkins" were continuously coming in, but I never could call them that. It simply wouldn't have come out of me. Only once did I do it and I was scared and ashamed for days. Two newcomer boys, one from a Merila family and one from a Pesonen family, became mixed up in a terrible fist fight and kicking bee--bloody noses, swollen eyes. The eight women teachers didn't dare to interfere. Miss Barker wanted to know what it was all about. I popped up with, "One of those 'Finnish Bumpkins' owes the other a nickel and won't pay it back." A nickel was produced, arrangements made and the fight was over. It had taken "sisu" to fight for the Finn principle that all debts must be paid.

Hilma had met Fanny and Ellen Wilson, daughters of Charles Wilson, at school. There was also a Martha Wilson in my second grade class. One day, they invited Hilma and me to visit them after school. I couldn't stand still; I was bubbling over with excitement. I hadn't ever told my family about the room full of gold. Now, perhaps I will see it. When we arrived, Mrs. Wilson, an exceedingly gay mother, met us at the door. She had seven children at the time. She didn't talk Finn to us. She asked her girls to take us around the house while she fixed some cake for us. I kept my eyes open,

but among the huge rooms, I found no room full of gold as Elna had promised. The Finns always felt that children should be seen and not heard. With Mrs. Wilson, children were first. The banquet-sized table we sat at with the Wilson children so awed me, I could hardly eat. Martha took me to her play house about the size of a single garage, with furniture for little people. She let me hold her huge baby doll.

I could hardly sleep that night. I kept thinking of such wonderful happenings -- school, playmates, rooms of gold, baby dolls. Then a sudden thought--now everyone calls me Katie. I am no longer a "Finnish Bumpkin."❖

**A "sad-iron" is a solid flat-iron used for ironing clothes.*

***This incident is puzzling because, by this time, Charles Wilson had lived in the U.S. for about thirty years and was a successful businessman. See J. Marlene Eskola Taylor's article "The Kankkonen Brothers" in the Winter 1995 issue of Cumtux.*

Notes from Mark Tolonen, grand nephew of Kate Tolonen Stevens:

Matt Henry Tolonen was born in Ristijarvi, Finland.

Kate Tolonen taught school in the Brownsmead district for several years before her marriage to James H. Stevens on June 26, 1931. They moved to San Pedro, California shortly thereafter to raise a family.

For further reading, see Hilma (Tolonen) Salvon's account of emigrating from Finland, which was printed in Janet E. Rasmussen's 1993 oral history compilation, *New Land, New Lives: Scandinavian Immigrants to the Pacific Northwest*, 1993, University of Washington Press.

Ed. Note: Thanks to CCHS Curator Mark Tolonen for providing this story.



Cannon Beach Historical Soc. Photo # 1004

Warren Hotel staff at Ecola in 1917. Eva Dye is 5th from left, wearing a wrist watch.

Cannon Beach Hotel Memories

Eva Dye Hutchinson

The following excerpts are from letters written by Eva Dye Hutchinson to her mother, Eva Emery Dye, and brother, Everett, in Oregon City. They tell about Eva's experiences as a staff member at the Warren Hotel in Cannon Beach during the summer of 1917.

Eva was a student in Home Economics at the Oregon Agricultural College, now Oregon State University. A group of students from the college took summer work at the Warren Hotel to get experience in their field of study.

Eva's father was Charles H. Dye, an attorney and former Oregon State legislator. Her mother was a popular writer of early Oregon history who was active in the struggle for the right of women to vote. She was also a founder of a local Chautauqua group in Gladstone, Oregon.

The Warren Hotel was located where the Tolovana Inn now stands.

We would like to thank the Cannon Beach Historical Society for sharing this story and photographs with us.

June 29, 1917. We are having a good time managing the kitchen, baking fancy things, etc. I baked three cakes yesterday morning and they were fine. Had a birthday bonfire on the beach for one of the girls. [Eva spoke of making signs to put over their tents i.e. Slumber In, Wade In, etc.]

They have all kinds of livestock on this farm. There are four big dogs, eleven cats, chickens, four cows and two horses. One chicken stays in the house all the time as [?] it had its leg broken. The Angora cats, 4 of them, live on Mr. & Mrs. Warren's bed.

July 10, 1917. Dear Everett: Thank you ever so much for the films. We are anxious to see those pictures I sent you. The man in them is Albert Gregg, a student at Pullman and he drives the auto stage from Seaside. He takes us out quite often in his car for short rides along the beach.

We have been working hard all day. Yesterday, we washed and today we did the ironing. Monday is official wash day. Each girl brings in all her duds and with the aprons, collars, cuffs, dish towels, etc., it is a "big" wash. We do not have electricity so my iron is useless. Three of us can iron at once as there are three kinds of irons.

Last night, we walked to Ecola [now Cannon Beach] to mail some things and incidentally to carry a telegram down to Mrs. West from her husband, the ex-governor. They have a beautiful little cottage in an ideal spot. It is among the trees at the top of a pretty winding walk up a steep hill, overlooking the ocean and Haystack rock. The trees are those stunted wind-blown kind that look so japezy.

They have been having quite a time to get a cook. Mr. Warren went to Portland, Sunday night, to see if he could find someone. They say it is terribly hard to get satisfactory help in this out-of-the-way place.

Warren's own car will meet all trains soon, so that if you want to come just tell me when. Their machine is out of order just now as they had to send away for a new part and it seems to take forever coming.



CCHS Photo # 10,336-190

Rustic interior of the Warren Hotel at Ecola (Elk Creek), now location of the Tolovana Inn. The building, erected by Mark S. and William E. Warren in 1911-12, was torn down in the early 1970s. The brothers also platted the townsite of Tolovana Park.

July 13, 1917. Dear Mother, the cooks are here so the waitresses do not have to work as much as we did. Mr. A.S. Benson, owner of the Benson Hotel, is here with his two little girls for a month. I wait on them and it is rather hard as he is used to the very best professional waiters, but I'll live thru it. Business is picking up some. The weather has been grand all the time we've been here. It hasn't been hot, but it's seldom cold enuf for coats.

July 23, 1917. Busy does not express our situation. The house is full, we haven't any cooks or dishwashers and the waitresses work from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. I'm dreadfully tired at night and can't do much more than go to bed so letter writing is hard to do.

I seem to have taken on two jobs as official outside of waiting tables and dishwashing and a ton of little things. I make all the cakes and every kind. We serve cake at dinner every night. We average between forty and fifty people at dinner.

A new cook is supposed to come tomorrow and bring a dishwasher with him who will also prepare the vegetables and scrub (jobs we do now). I forgot to say my other official job is potato peeling. It takes a ton of potatoes, too. People seem to be very well satisfied with our hotel. We hear very little complaint and lots of compliments.

I still serve A.S. Benson and his two children. They are very nice to wait on and he is very generous with the tips. Margaret, the youngest girl who is about six, comes out in the kitchen every day "to help her waitress" as she says. She likes to beat eggs, lick cake pans, and wipe silver.

Besides Bensons, I wait on the Platt family from Portland. There are seven of them, five children, the mother, and an elderly governess. They seem to be very

nice people but are a peck of bother to wait on. The children require warm milk, oranges sent out the night before, hot water for one before breakfast....They must be pretty wealthy to have seven at this hotel for three weeks. I think people get their money's worth. People tip quite lavishly.

Will close as I am dead tired. We washed today along with everything else. I made four cakes also.

July 31, 1917. The hotel is full to capacity all the time. We serve about fifty every meal.... the new cook is very good. A dishwasher, a boy about 20 arrived today. Things ought to be a little easier now. I am learning a good deal from the cook about speed in cooking. He learned his trade at the Oregon Reform School when he was a boy which was quite a good while ago, since he is almost fifty now. He rolls his bread and biscuits out two at a time, one in each hand. Some of the people are dreadfully fussy in the dining room. People that have had things and have traveled can immediately be picked out from the crowd.

Mrs. Warren's brother has been here about a week. He is as homely as a mud fence. What little hair that is left is red as fire and the top of his head makes a fine skating rink for flies. It's nothing but laugh, laugh, laugh, till we ache while he is around.

The Platt family of finicky people leave Thursday and I'm certainly glad. They've been the trial of my life. Everyone has felt sorry for me having them.

[No Date--To her mother.] I am sending you my first month's paycheck of \$30. We are very busy. People are turned away every day as the rooms are all full.

August 8, 1917. We are as busy as can be... Monday we tried to wash but that was next to impossible with so much

other work to do. Everyone was so all in it was hard to keep going. Eula and I jumped the track and went in the surf to rest us and we did feel better. We got thru about 9 p.m. and Mrs. Warren had Jay take us out in the new Studebaker. It is great to ride along the beach just at dusk. The sand is so smooth and hard it is just like asphalt pavement.

It is now 8:10 and none of my people have been in for breakfast. The doors close at 9 and it makes one grand rush at the last minute for breakfast. I am standing at the desk writing. A party of six show girls are playing the piano and dancing. Lots of those sort of people stop here..

Our hotel seems to be the best along the beach. People come in every day complaining about the food at the other hotels. Just as fast as we can make room for them they come here.

August 14, 1917. The Mark Gills of J.K. Gill Co. are here. Maisie Foster and her mother are here and also Miss Addie Clark.

You know they both taught at the Barclay when we were beginners. They all seem surprised to find me here. Mrs. Foster asked me today, "How did it ever happen that your mother let you come down here?" [Eva's daughter said the teachers knew it wasn't financially necessary that she'd need to work. Her family always had household help.]

Yesterday, I baked three and ½ chocolate devil's food cakes and frosted them for the cook. He gets dreadfully tired too and behind time, sometimes and since I like to make them, it was all right. The people in the dining room always seem to recognize a difference when I make them.

Aug. 19, 1917. Dear Mother: I will be tickled to death to have you come down and stay in a cottage for a week or more.

Mr. Warren says we can have the Peterson cottage which they rent for \$10 a week. It has 2 big bed rooms and considering beach prices, it is reasonable.

I've been wishing I could be here for awhile and just rest. If you come, make the trip in the machine as it will be much more convenient and not dreadfully hard on the machine. People go crabbing, clamming, after mussels, to Seaside and down to Arch Cape in the machines and as those are about the main things doing outside of hiking, it would be great to have it here.★

Joaquin Miller

1837-1913

Both Joaquin Miller and Eva Emery Dye are featured writers on the Oregon Cultural Heritage Commission's web page on the internet. "The New and the Old," by Joaquin Miller has a reference to our area. Miller describes a wet winter in Portland when he met a man who wearing a "slouch" hat and large "mud-boots" and carrying an umbrella:

"Drip! drip! drip! Slop! slop! slop! incessantly and all the time, for an uninterrupted half a year, here in this mossy, moldy town of Portland. Rain! rain! rain! until the trees grow out of the cracks and roofs of the houses, and until, tradition says, Mother Nature comes to the aid of the inhabitants and makes them web-footed, like the water-fowl. And even then, and in the face of all this, this man stood up before me with the water fairly bending his umbrella from the weight of the rain - the rain running down his nose, his head, his hair - and there he smilingly bowed and protested that it did not really rain much in Portland; but that down about the mouth of the Columbia, at Astoria, it did 'sometimes rain a-right smart.'"★



Cannon Beach Historical Soc. Photo # 1003.1

Eva Dye with the poet Joaquin Miller about 1906 at the Gladstone, Oregon Chautauqua.

MEMORIES OF THE 1949-1950 SLIDE

By Ivy Miller Jackson

One evening, the men whose property was affected by the Irving Avenue slide gathered at our new home at 2325 Irving to discuss what could be done about the sliding houses. After some discussion, it was decided to call a moving company in Portland. The Lebeck Company agreed to come if we would guarantee ten houses to move at \$1,000.00 a house. We agreed with this arrangement. I do not know if the Red Cross knew of our deal with the Lebeck Company or not, but since they came, the Red Cross offered them \$8,000 to move some of the more destitute.

Oscar and Viola Abrahamson had built a new home on the lot east of our sliding house. One day, as I was digging up some daffodils to plant at our new home, the Abrahamson house came apart and one side of the home fell into our yard just missing me. Another day, when I was working in the slide area, the Red Cross lady came along on an inspection visit. We conversed and I asked her if they would move our house. "Oh, no," she said, "you are hard working people and you will come out all right!" From that day on I determined to prove her right.

Every day, dozens of people would come into the slide area. Some came out of curiosity and others simply to vandalize. We had taken all the windows out of our sliding house and put them in a closet, but when we went to get them, vandals had broken every one. One day, while working in the kitchen of the sliding house, I heard voices in the living room. When I went in to see who was

there, I found four strangers just looking to see what they could pick up! My temper really flared up...I said, "Now this house is sliding, but it is still ours and you are trespassing. GET OUT OF HERE!"

After about a month, our old house had slid to about a block and a half above where the hospital is now. It had been built by a carpenter for his own home and had to be torn apart. Our son-in-law came to help us and in carrying out the toilet, he fell and cut himself, so we had to send him to the doctor. I helped my husband and we tore out all the lumber we could and slid it down to the level where we could get it in the truck. Afterwards, we were completely exhausted and only a skeleton was left of the house. We sold it for \$50.

My husband, Laurence, went to work building a little house with the lumber from the old one. We had recently built on a full block of property so had plenty of room for the other house. We rented it for many years. To prove the Red Cross lady right, I went to work, took in boarders, rented the guest room, and made an apartment out of our basement which I also rented. I guess that hard work didn't hurt us as here we are retired in California. Laurence will be 100 in August and I will be 97 in December!

This story was written early in 1996.

See the Fall 1993, Fall 1995 and Summer 1996 issues of Cumtux for more slide memories and other stories by Ivy Miller Jackson.

The Leander Anderson Family

By Liisa Penner

One of the early Finns in Clatsop County was Leander Anderson, who came to Astoria about 1882. He established a business, married and began raising a family here. One hundred and fifteen years later, granddaughter, Viola Anderson Abrahamson, is one of the few members of his family to remain in the county. Following is the story of Leander. Viola's story is told in the next article by Vern L. Parker.

Because information about Leander Anderson and his wife, Katerina Matilda (known as Tilda), is scanty, it was necessary to delve into the records at the courthouse and in the newspapers, census records and city directories at the Astoria Public Library.

The federal census for 1900 shows that Leander Anderson was born in May 1858 and his wife, Tilda, in July 1862, both in Finland. He came to the U.S. in 1880 and she arrived a couple years later. They applied for a marriage license on December 26th 1882 at the Clatsop County courthouse and it was recorded on page 328 in Volume 2 in the marriage books. A. Anderson signed an affidavit for Tilda Kaino (mis-spelled Kienno by the clerk, R.R. Spedden), swearing that she was a resident of Clatsop County and over the age of eighteen and that Leander was over twenty-one. The couple was married the next day at the house of A. Anderson by W. T. Chapman, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Astoria. Witnesses were A. Anderson, again, and Herman Planting.

Some records give Tilda's surname as Kaimber or Kaimberg which is the

Swedish version of the name of Kaino.

On March 6, 1888, at the Clatsop County courthouse, Leander Anderson filed his declaration of intent to become a citizen of the United States, renouncing his allegiance to the Czar of Russia. (It would be about thirty years before Finland gained its independence.) He probably found employment first on the river as a fisherman, but from 1890 to sometime in the early 1900s, he operated saloons on Astor Street in what was the roughest section of Astoria and in the years when the area was notorious for gambling, shanghaiing, and related activities.

The 1890 Astoria Polk City Directory shows that Leander Anderson's business was located at 269 -1st Street (shortly afterwards known as Astor) which was at the southeast corner with 6th. His residence was given at the same address.

The 1893-1894 directory gives the name of the saloon as the "Fleetwood House." The value of his property was assessed at \$800. (This information is found in the back of the early city directories.) Matthew Anderson was working as a "clerk" at the same place and it was also used as his residence.

In 1896 his saloon was located in the middle of the same block on Astor, between 6th and 7th, just two doors from the famous Louvre Saloon. Leander also advertised in the 1896 city directory that he offered furnished rooms with board at 238 Bond Street. Matt and Albert Anderson worked as bartenders at the Fleetwood House and both resided at the

Bond Street address of Leander's boarding house. It is intriguing to consider the possibility that these were brothers of Leander. Similar names appear together consecutively on the military list for 1894 (which is not in alphabetical order): Anderson, M. J. 38 years old, Anderson, P.A. 38 and Anderson, Leander 34. Unfortunately, references to these two men, possibly brothers of Leander Anderson, soon disappear from local city directories.

At first Leander and Tilda had resided in rooms above the business, but sometime about 1894, Leander built a house on Cedar Street in Alderbrook, near 48th. This was where their son, Walter, was born and where, years later, their granddaughter, Viola, was born. The property was purchased from Hustler Van Dusen and his wife, Jane, for four hundred dollars. According to Viola, the house still stands and is now

being used as an adult foster home.

By 1900, the couple had been married for seventeen years. According to the census for that year, four out of their ten children had died. (These were the days of high infant mortality. Contagious diseases, contaminated water supplies and unsanitary conditions killed many.) Six boys were listed on the census: Andrew, born January 1884; Jalmer, April 1889; Albert, July 1890; Arthur, January 1893; Walter, September 1894 and Theodor, March 1899. These were the only children in the family to reach adulthood. (Viola adds a note that all six boys married girls born in Finland.)

About 1902 Leander gave up the saloon business in Astoria and moved his family to the Deep River-Naselle area in Washington where he took out a homestead claim and spent the rest of his life. Leander and Tilda are buried in a little cemetery on that homestead property.



Courtesy of Viola Abrahamson

These sure-footed men are workers on the mill pond at the Hammond mill in the Alderbrook area east of Astoria about 1918. Walter Anderson is holding the pike pole. The mill burned in December 1922.

Viola Anderson Abrahamson

By Verdun (Vern) Lowell Parker

Walter and Ilma Anderson

Walter, one of the younger sons of Leander and Tilda Anderson (mentioned in the previous story), returned to Astoria from Raymond, Washington in 1916 to work as a boom man at the old Hammond Mill in the Alderbrook area. Later he was employed by the Port of Astoria for thirty years and was dock foreman in the late 1950s. He was an active long-time member of the Finnish Brotherhood, serving as president for two consecutive terms. He was also active in church and community affairs. He loved gardening and was known for helping out whenever there was need.

He married Ilma Kalela on August 16, 1913 at the courthouse in South Bend, Washington. His wife was born on December 21, 1890 in Turku, Finland. They celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in 1963. At home she maintained many of the Finnish traditions and was well-known for her Finnish dishes and pastries. The Anderson house was a haven for their many friends and relatives. There was always an extra place at their table for their guests to enjoy the bounties of Ilma Anderson's cooking.

Ilma was an active member of the Peace Lutheran Church of Astoria and of the Finnish Brotherhood Lodge for over fifty years. She worked as a cook on the salmon seining grounds during the summer and fall fishing seasons, making all of the food for three hearty meals a day and all of the breads, pies and pastries for approximately forty men of the seining crew. When not on the seining

grounds, she worked as a cook at the Captain Robert Gray School.

Walter and Ilma had three children: Viola, Mildred (Mildred Jones of Seaside, Oregon) and Bernice (Bernice Parker, of San Bruno, California). They lived in a house they built on Birch Street in Alderbrook. The house, though small, included a sauna and was always a meeting place for their many friends and relatives.

Viola's story

Viola attended first through sixth grade (from 1923 to 1928) in the old Alderbrook School on Leif Erickson Drive where Ann Lewis was principal. She still remembers marching to classes to the music of Valencia! At Alderbrook, the two teachers who had the most influence on her future and became life-long friends were Ruth Wirth and the late Maria Skie. Viola completed the next three years at John Jacob Astor Junior High where Walter Christensen was principal. In 1935 Viola graduated from Astoria High School.

Viola had always been interested in medicine and healing others, an interest supported by her parents. In the mid 1920s, an incident occurred that was to lead to her chosen occupation: her father contracted scarlet fever. In those days there were no antibiotics to cure the disease and it was necessary to take strong measures to prevent its spread. Dr. Nellie Vernon, County Health doctor, placed the Anderson home under quarantine for thirty days. Viola, her mom and dad and sister, Mildred, could not leave



CCHS Photo # 2310-565

Nurses Graduating Class, May 12, 1939. Back row, l to r: Emma Vermuellen Tipton, Helen Ryan. Middle row: Marguerite Wagner, Rachel Sperry, Nellie Clark (Scherer). Front row: Bernice Edelman (King), Evelyn Compton (Hendrickson), June Solee, Viola Anderson (Abrahamson). Names in parenthesis are their married names.

the property and all of the items they needed had to be delivered over the back fence by a neighbor.

In 1936, Viola entered Saint Mary's School of Nursing in Astoria. Sister Zephirn, director of nursing, and Virginia Marion, instructor, played a large role in Viola's nursing education and gave her the motivation to work for her nurse's registration in 1939. She enjoyed the school's approach which involved working closely with both the doctors and patients in satisfying their medical needs.

There were nine nursing graduates out of the fourteen that started in Viola's

class. The St. Mary's School of Nursing is credited with producing over two hundred trained and registered nurses, providing a significant health care support to the Clatsop County area. (One of the early graduates was the late Alma Parker, who graduated in 1912 and was an aunt to the author of this article.) The school was closed in 1948. Nurse alumni from the school still meet yearly.

Following graduation from nurses' training, Viola worked forty years as a registered nurse having helped thousands of patients in the following hospitals and offices:



Courtesy of Viola Abrahamson

Walter and Ilma Anderson's 50th Wedding Anniversary in 1963. Back row, l to r: Oscar Abrahamson, Viola Anderson Abrahamson, Mary Abrahamson (in front of Viola), Mildred Anderson Jones, Bob Jones, Bob Jones, Becky Parker (in front of Bernice), Bernice Anderson Parker, Verdun Parker; front row: Walter Anderson, Bradley Parker and Ilma Anderson.

1939 -- St. Vincent's Hospital, Portland

1940 -- Dr. A. Van Dusen Medical Office, Astoria

1941 -- South Bend Hospital, South Bend, WA

1943 -- Harbor View County Hospital, Seattle, WA;

1943 -- Long Beach Magnolia Hospital, Long Beach, CA

1944 -- Columbia Hospital, Astoria

1945 -- St. Mary's Hospital, Astoria

1949 -- Astoria Clinic, Astoria

1963-79 -- Clatsop Co. Health Dept.

During her forty years in nursing, she worked for and/or under the guidance of a multitude of medical doctors, including: Arthur Van Dusen, A. J. Ker-

bel, E. J. Jasper, Toivo Forstrom, R. J. Pilkington, Clara Waffle, Werner Lagus, Anson Anderson, (?) Cameron, A. G. Allen, Jon Straumfjord, Edward J. Hall, Larry Steinmann, N. B. Rawls, William Burget, Edgar Gist, Jorma Leinassar, Pat Moore, Frank Rafferty, Charles Linehan, Richard Kettlekamp, E. E. Berg, Robert Neikes, and Julia Dickens.

In the fall of 1942, during World War II, Viola married Oscar Abrahamson of Astoria. Six weeks after the wedding, Oscar joined the Navy and was off to Seattle, San Diego, South Pacific and the Aleutian Islands. In 1945, after the war, he worked at the Astoria Post Office. The couple had one child, Mary, who was born in 1953.

The Abrahamson family faced a



Courtesy of Viola Abrahamson
Viola Abrahamson and "Happy".

catastrophic loss in April 1950 when, as a result of heavy rains and melting snow, their newly finished three-bedroom house high up on Irving Avenue, slid down the hill back of Gyro Field.

In 1964, after twenty-two years of marriage, Oscar, 52 years old, suddenly died of a massive heart attack. This left Viola with the responsibility of raising and educating their 11-year-old daughter, which she did admirably. Mary graduated from the University of the Pacific in 1979 and has been a registered nurse in obstetrics and gynecology for the past eighteen years at the University of Oregon Hospital.

The same year that Oscar died, Viola, always generous and willing to help others, opened her home and heart, one rainy night, to a young girl from Tillamook, Patty Carlson, who needed a room in order to attend college. This was a "god-send" for Viola because Patty taught her how to drive a car, fixed din-

ners daily while she worked and provided friendship needed during this period of grief, a friendship which has endured and strengthened over the years.

Viola has been a member of the following professional and social organizations, providing leadership. From 1939 to 1980, she belonged to the Oregon Nurses Association and was past president; Alpha Iota Sorority 1964-1989, past president; Rebekahs, 1943 to present, past president, twice; St. Mary's Nurses Alumni, 1980 to present, past president; Finnish Brotherhood, 1952 to present, past president; and Ladies of Kaleva, 1994 to date.

Remembering her Finnish heritage has always been important to Viola. She has made several trips to Finland to visit her relatives. She speaks Finnish fluently, and followed in her father's footsteps to become president of the Finnish Brotherhood. From her mother, she learned to cook many of the Finnish foods, like coffee bread, pannukakku, prune tarts, and pickled salmon.

On October 26th, 1996, Viola celebrated her 80th birthday at Suomi Hall in Astoria. Over one hundred and seventy five friends and relatives attended, some from as far away as New York City, Seattle and San Francisco, a testimony to the devotion and esteem with which she is regarded.

Vern Parker

Verdun (Vern) L. Parker, the author of this article, passed away suddenly on Thursday, February 28, 1997.

Vern was born January 18, 1925 at the family farm near Astoria, Oregon, the third of four sons of Perry and Ida Parker. He attended elementary and high schools in the area, then attended Oregon State College for one year before

enlisting in the U.S. Marines. He saw action in the South Pacific and was in Nagasaki one week after the bombing.

At the conclusion of World War II, Vern returned to O.S.C. to pursue an education in Industrial Engineering. In the summer, he worked at a fish packing plant in Astoria where he met Bernice Anderson. They were married on June 25, 1949. They lived in Portland first, then Denver and finally, the San Francisco area. In 1957, Vern began working for United Airlines, and when he retired twenty-five years later, he was the Manager of Industrial Engineering. He then chose to enter a new career in the U.S. Navy, serving for eight years. He was residing in San Bruno, California, when he passed away.

Ed. Note: Viola said that she has been truly fortunate to have had Vern as a brother-in-law for all these years. He was a wonderful person, she said.★



Verdun (Vern) L. Parker
(1925-1997)

ASTORIA'S OTHER FINN TOWN

It is generally noted that most of Astoria's Finnish residents lived in the west part of the town. But on Franklin and Grand streets from 27th to 29th (perhaps further east), was a sizeable population of Finns. In 1910, some of these people were: Lizzie Nelson, a widow who ran a boarding house at 1239 Franklin. Four of her children lived with her: Charles, Martha, Jennie and Henry. William Haga, a blacksmith and his wife, Ida, and their children, Sigurd and Leonard, lived close by. Down the street was John Anderson, working as a planer feeder at a sawmill, with his wife, Lydia, and children, Hilia, Albert, Nannie and Ona. Charles Palo and his wife lived at 1234 Grand. John Orjala, a housebuilder, lived across the street with his sister Brigetta. Also on Grand were the families of Ed and Edla Lebeck, Alex and Sophia Salminen, Christ and Lena Anderson, Charlie and Elizabeth Johnson, Jack and Henrietta Myntti, Emil and Hilma Karela, and Carl and Wilhelmina Newman.

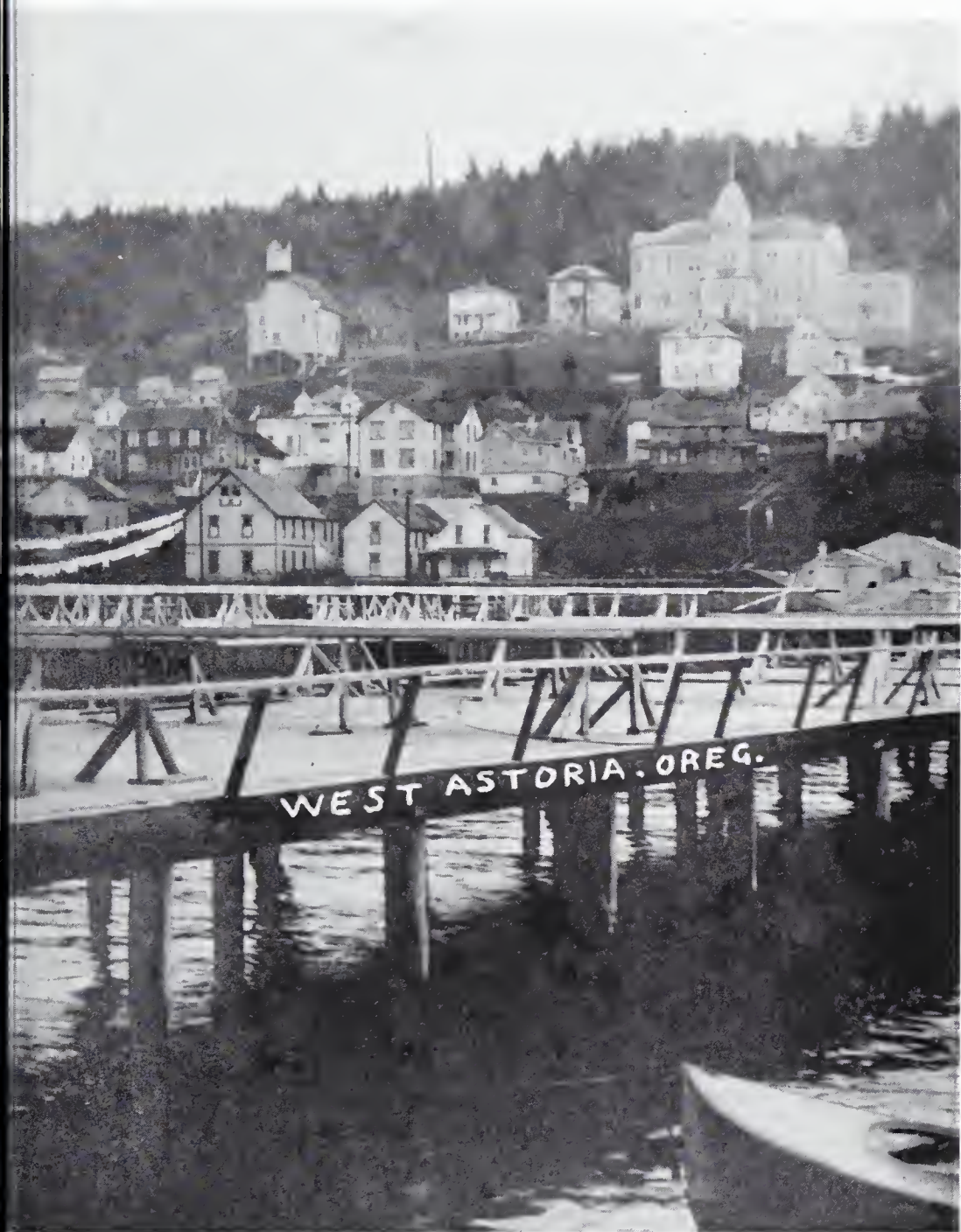
There are many more names in the two census books transcribed by Merle Reinikka. They can be found in the Astoria Public Library's genealogy section (under the stairs leading to the 2nd floor) with the books on Oregon.

In this part of Astoria, there are a few "mixed" marriages, between Finns and Norwegians, and Finns and Swedes.✳



UNIONTOWN ABOUT 1908

View of Uniontown to the southeast across cannery net racks. Top right is Taylor School which was the Temperance Hall, (built in 1893) and later moved to the bottom of the hill and raised one story. In the center is the Karhuvaara Boarding House (still standing). Directly above it is the Charles V. Hall. The Socialist Hall, built in 1910 next to the Karhuvaara Boarding House, does not appear in this view.



Courtesy of the Editor

as built in 1902. The Finnish Congregational Church is directly east. Below it is the Finnish
It is now owned by the Finnish Brotherhood Lodge and known as Suomi Hall. At left of
House and to the left is the Ponkalo Boarding House and the Hannula Boarding House.
his photo.

GOLDEN YEARS FOR THE LILLEENGs

By Judith Rinell Westersund

There have been six golden wedding anniversaries in the Hans Lilleeng family. In addition to the parents who were married for over 56 years, five daughters have celebrated golden wedding anniversaries, four of whom continue to add to their records.

Anna Greta Bederi was born in Svanvarre, Norway on March 30, 1878. She arrived in Astoria in 1903 where she found employment at the Arlington Hotel and the Union Fishermen's Cannery.

Hans Johan Lilleeng, born in Vadso, Norway on January 11, 1871, knew Anna in his homeland. He followed her to Astoria, arriving in September of the same year. Like many Scandinavians, Hans had been a fisherman in Norway; he continued in that occupation on the Columbia River.

Hans and Anna were married in Portland, Oregon on December 15, 1905. The Lilleengs were lifelong members of the Apostolic Lutheran Church. Sometimes church services were held in their home, as people often did in those days.

The family lived at 772 Florence Avenue on a hill overlooking Youngs Bay. The school was nearby. The children walked a couple of blocks to the old Astor Court School which was replaced by Captain Robert Gray School.

Living in a Finnish neighborhood, the family spoke Finnish at home and all the children were fluent in that language. The girls remember their parents sitting on the davenport after dinner singing Norwegian songs, and when they wanted to keep secrets from the children, they spoke in Norwegian.

The members of the Lilleeng family are:

Wilhelmina (Minnie), born in Astoria September 28, 1906, married Rudolph Hill in Vancouver, Washington on May 2, 1942. They lived in Brush Prairie, Washington, and had two sons, Tom and Robert. Rudy passed away on September 20, 1993. Minnie now lives in Vancouver.

Elizabeth (Lizzie), born in Astoria on October 6, 1913, married Ward A. (Bud) Colby, Jr. in Astoria on January 7, 1933. Longtime Warrenton residents, they raised four children: Betty, Donald, Mary Anne, and Alice.

Agnes (Aggie), born in Astoria on April 21, 1915, married Harry E. Hamilton in Portland on November 14, 1943 where they continued to live. They have three daughters, Annette, and twins, Jeanette and Joyce.

Annette (Nita), born in Astoria on January 10, 1918, married James C. Benson in Vancouver, Washington on August 11, 1941. Longtime Astoria residents, their children are: Judy, Janice, Jim and Joyce.

Margaret (Margy), born in Astoria on July 5, 1919, married Richard F. Eichenlaub in Kelso, Washington on April 7, 1941. They have lived in Milwaukie, Oregon for a long time where they raised four children: Richard, Cheryl, Susan and Peggy.

In addition to five girls, the Lilleengs had two boys, Thomas and Victor, both deceased. Tommy succumbed to the flu epidemic January, 1919, the month before his 9th birthday. Victor, 1912-1947, was married to Myrt and father to Victoria.

Mother, Anna Lilleeng, died on July 26, 1962 at the age of 84. Hans Lilleeng was 93 years old when he died in 1964.



Photo courtesy of Margy Eichenlaub

Top photo: Hans and Anna Greta Bederi Lilleeng on their 50th wedding anniversary, December 18, 1955.

Bottom photo: The Lilleeng sisters. Back row, l to r: Nita Benson, Aggie Haniston; front row, Margy Eichenlaub, Minnie Hill, Lizzie Colby, in September 1993.

Photo courtesy of Margy Eichenlaub



The Account of the Wedding of Gelo F. Parker and Lucy Powell Thursday, August 20, 1885

Gelo Parker was the Clatsop County Surveyor from 1908 to 1934. He was a member of the large Parker family of Astoria, and nephew to Wilder W., Charles, and Hiram Parker. See the article, "Bay Home, the 1876 Powell House," by Ed Parker in the Fall 1985 issue of Cumtux, also the Summer and Fall issues of 1990.

Bay Home is located between Tongue Point and the John Day River. In 1885, the easiest way to get to the house was on boats like the Sam and Mountaineer.

The cedar trees that were planted at the Bay home of the Powells (later that of Gelo and Lucy Parker), stood for many years.

Edwin K. Parker, grandson of Gelo Parker, now has this diary from which the following entry was taken.

Thursday 20.

I spend the day at my rooms wrighting Field notes &c. After supper at 7:20 on *Sam* with unkle W, Jennie, Willey, & Mr & Mrs Hansen, Corene & Earl, & Rev Garner, I go to Mr Powell's. Tide flooding, we arrive there a little before 8:00.

At about 9:00, Lucy J. Powell & myself in the presence of the family & a few of our friends were pronounced husband & wife, promising to love and care for each other through life. And so Lucy at the age of 23 1/12 years and myself 31 7/12 years, begin our partnership of life and love with its mingled Joy

and sadness, hopes & fears, disappointments and pleasure, care and compensation, trial and triumph. May God guide us. May we ever regard each other with perfect love and trust, living useful, happy, and exemplry lives and thus fulfilling the mission of our lives.

Besides those mentioned before as present, there was also present Mrs. Young & Wm. Plympton, Hans Johnson, Aunt Inez [Parker] who had gone up during the day, Eddie Parker, and (after the service Cap Al Beard, John Ferrell, ----Brown) Mr & Mrs. Powell, Annie, Kate, Bertha, Amy, Mabel [Powell]. All the girls were dressed in white, Kate in her graduating dress, hand painted in ivy & wild roses for her by Lucy, all looking very nicely.

Excelent devled ham sandwitches, chocolate, choice gold, silver & Jelley cake and the finest wedding cake I ever tasted, made by aunt Inez & Mrs Hansen, peaches & grapes, and apples from Mr. Powell's orchard make up the refreshments with which the company was served.

About 10:30 the company dispersed & I returned on the steamer to Astoria, leaving Lucy at home. Lucy informs me that Amy this day has planted two cedars before the house in honor of the occasion.

So has passed the day marking the beginning of an era in our lives. May the memories of the happy present ever cheer our future.♥

Wedding cards viz:

Lizzie Ross	Geo George	A Montgomery	Mrs. Hudson
Lizzie Geary	Lucy Merch?	John Montgomery	L Noe
Mrs Milligan	Mrs Beckwith	Mrs Peckinpah	GW Heard
NW Criswell	Mrs. Higgins	D G Heard	Dr. Wells
Sister Ellen	PW Parker	Jos Churchill	Mrs Halloran
Mrs. Hanthorn	Charley [Parker?]	Mrs Swan	Dr Lou
Mrs Leinenweber	Mrs Hamen	Mrs Lufkin	Mrs Young
Miss Adair	Sister Annie	Mrs Hall	Mr Plympton
Miss Amy Adams	Sister Kate	Mrs Vamey	Mrs Jennie
Miss Clara Adams	Sister Bertha	J H D Gray	Plympton
Judge Adams	Sister Annie	Miss Dora Badollet	Dr Garner
Dr McDaniel	Sister Mabel	Miss Lou Warren	Mose Martin
John Hyrus	GW Parker	Miss Kate Flavel	J W Gearhart
Ch Parker	Mrs. Chase	Miss Nellie Flavel	Jno Hobson
Willey Parker	F. L. Parker	Mrs Bowlby	Dr Tuttle
WW Parker	Sister Alma	EP Parker	Geo George
HB Parker	Father [Freeman	Aunt Hannah	Aunt Lucy [Parker]
Mrs Johnson	Parker]	[Brown]	

Old-Fashioned Names

Looking for names for a new baby in the family? Consider one of these names out of our county's past. These were all found in the Clatsop County divorce records.

Girls: Ada, Alifia, Almira, Alvina, Amanda, Amelia, Arabella, Arzelie, Aurora, Birdie, Bridget, Castella, Concordia, Cornelia, Effie, Emeline, Etta, Eveanna, Flora, Francelia, Francesca, Gerhardina, Giacobina, Hannah, Henrietta, Hester, Hilma, Hulda, India, Ingeborg, Isabella, Johanna, Justina, Laconia, Lena, Lulu, Lutitia, Madora, Magdalena, Marilla, Matilda, Myrtle, Nora, Olive, Palmira, Paulina, Pearl, Philomena, Phoebe, Remathy, Rovella, Rowena, Sadie, Serafiina, Stella, Zella, Zylpha.

Boys: Adelbert, Alonzo, Ambrose, Arden, Armour, Asa, Berthod, Casper, Cleveland, Darius, Elihu, Elwin, Garson, Hubert, Isador, Julius, Kipp, Lorenzo, Ludwig, Mahlon, Olaus, Percy, Rex, Rufus, Seneca, Sigfried, Symus. Urban, Waldo.❖

Grandma Landphear

*By Reverend T. A. Hyland
of Grace Episcopal Church*

The following extract from Mrs. Landphear's funeral sermon has been kindly furnished us for publication and will doubtless prove of interest to those who knew her.

Mrs. Hester Ann Landphear was born at a place called Warm Springs, Bath county, Virginia, August 24th, 1786, and was therefore at the time of her death nearly ninety years old. She was a girl of twelve summers when Washington died, and no doubt remembered that event. She was a married woman long before the telegraph was discovered, or railroads were operated, and so with all the great inventions of the past fifty years, she was a married woman before they were known. When Grandmother Landphear was born, New York was a city of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants--not as large as the city of Portland is today. She enjoyed life in her humble way, almost to her dying day--always cheerful--never gloomy nor desponding. For the past ten years at least, constantly realizing that her end was near. Perfectly resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father, she was ever ready for the summons to call her hence.

At Warm Springs, Virginia, Miss Hester Ann Rose was married to Mr. Dawson and shortly after removed to Bartholomew county, in the State of Indiana, where she lived for many years. She had six children by this husband, Cyrus, John, James, Franklin, Jesse and Nancy. This last was the only one of the six who accompanied her mother to this country. She was the wife of Mr. Luke Taylor, and died in this county in the year 1862, and

her remains are deposited in the graveyard on Clatsop Plains. All the boys are dead also. Jesse, the fifth son was a volunteer in the Union Army and was killed in battle. Several of her children married, and to them were born eleven grandchildren.

After the death of Mr. Dawson in Indiana, she removed to the State of Illinois, and made her home at Batavia, Kane county. Here Mrs. Dawson married Mr. Jonas Landphear. We were in the habit of pronouncing her name Lamphear. But the proper way was Landphear. This was the way Mr. Landphear always wrote it. There were no children by this marriage.

In the year of 1847 they decided, with quite a number of others, to seek a new home on the Pacific slope, and on the 12th day of April of that year, they commenced their long and tedious journey across the continent, and at the end of the seventh month, they arrived at The Dalles on the Columbia river. There were 300 in all in the party. At The Dalles, Mr. Landphear and Mr. Taylor constructed a boat in order to descend the Columbia, and in the course of three weeks, they were ready to start. All went well until they came to the Cascades where the boat struck a rock and all came near losing their lives, but by good management the boat was extricated from her perilous position, and in due time these families landed safely at the Hudson Bay's Trading Post at Vancouver, Washington Territory, then called Oregon. Determined to see the Pacific ocean, and if possible to find a home near the surging breakers, they took passage in a small



Courtesy of Jerry and Mary Lee Alderman
Hester Ann Rose Landphear (1786-1876)

craft called the *Launch*, owned by Jack Strong and Robert Alexander. This craft still lies on the mud flats in the vicinity of Mr. Ferrell's saw mill [about 13th & Duane]. In the course of a week they landed near Tansy Point [near Hammond], and there made their home within a few miles of the ocean. They lived there for two years, and then moved to town, and took up their abode in a small log cabin at the rear of the present house, which she so lately occupied. This house was then in the woods, and it was considered no very easy task to get from the beach, the only public highway, to this humble dwelling. In about the year 1861 the present house was erected by Mr. Luke Taylor, and the old log cabin was torn down. What a change has time made! A dense forest and jungle, as Grandmother saw it in 1847, is now a well built up town with the forest a mile in the distance, and rapidly receding.

Here she passed away on Sunday last, June 4th, after residing for twenty-seven years on the same lot on which she first settled, beloved by all who knew her, for her kind disposition and many social virtues. She was brought up in religion's ways, by parents who were noted for their religious principles. Her father, she has told me, was such an expert in sacred learning, that he got the best of nearly all who ventured to argue with him on religious subjects. She joined the Methodist church in Indiana, but after she came to this country, she did not identify herself with any religious body--some times attending one and then the other of the protestant bodies here established. She died as a christian ought, with an unwavering faith in Christ, and fully resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father. Her Prayer-book was presented to her many years ago by the good Bishop Scott, and she prized it much, not only on account of the donor, whom she ever spoke of with love and affection, but also on account of its blessed teachings. Grandmother Landphear was particularly

fond of music, hence her great desire for persons to sing with her in her last sickness. Mr. Wadhams, of Portland, gave her great pleasure by singing for her one evening for about an hour, "*Jesus Savior of my soul*" and "*Nearer my God to thee*" she seemed to enjoy most. Frequently exclaiming in her feeble way during the singing, "Blessed Jesus, how sweet, how precious." She seemed to have a premonition that she would not recover, that this sickness was her last. The reason she assigned for this was that many years ago when in the State of Illinois, she had a remarkable dream, and this dream seemed to come back to her with all its former vividness and force. I am not able to relate the dream as she told it to me. The substance of it was, that she was taken to heaven, and that there she heard the most enrapturing music, both instrumental and vocal, and there she beheld our blessed Savior, in ineffable glory, and her raptures were increased by meeting and embracing a dear sister of hers who had died some time previously; and as she related this dream and talked of her dear sister and the blessed Jesus the tears rolled down her cheeks, adding, at the same time, this dream made such an effect upon her that she never got over it. It is the lot of few of us to have as many sincere and self-denying friends as Grandmother Landphear had, and this she was conscious of and ever grateful for. Among the male portion of the community, she seemed to be the particular child and charge of the older bar and river pilots and their families and some of the first settlers. Many it is true, were very kind to her, but those were her particular friends.

The 1859 Assessment Roll for Clatsop County showed that Mrs. Landphear owned lot 2, block 46, McClures Astoria, valued at \$250. This house was on Exchange Street, near the corner of 9th, present location of the Daily Astorian's parking lot. □

Sarah L. Gearhart Byrd

Sarah L. Gearhart Byrd was interviewed by Sarah B. Wrenn on March 3, 1938 in Portland, Oregon in a project for the W.P.A.

Sarah was the daughter of Philip and Margaret Logan Gearhart who had the donation land claim on which the town of Gearhart now stands. She was born on October 9, 1843 in Iowa and died in 1940. See the stories about the Gearhart family in the Summer and Fall 1985 and the Winter 1996 issues of Cumtux.

I ain't no hand for dates, so don't bother me about 'em. I do remember though when we came to Oregon. We came from I-O-WAY in 1848. That's a long time ago, ain't it? Joe Watt was captain of our train. Bein' so little, I don't remember how many wuz in the train, but I've heard 'em say it wuz a big one. Every night when we camped, the wagons wuz pulled in a circle an' hooked together with chains an' oxen yokes. The folks camped inside that circle, an' close along-side wuz the stock, an' a guard wuz set up for the night. Yes, it must hev ban an awful job cookin'. I wuz too little to do anything. 'Course they hed to cook on the open fire, an' on the plains, most o' the time ther wuz nothin' to burn but buffalo chips. I guess they got us'd to it, but I wouldn't like to.

The Indians wuz peaceable when we cum across. We didn't hev eny trouble o' any kind. Oh, once, I b'lieve the Indians stole a cow or somethin'. But the biggest excitement I c'n remember is a herd of stampedin' buffalo thet almost got us. It was dusk, an' we'd gone into camp, when, all at once, 'way off in the distance we see

a big cloud o' dust. It cum near'r an' near'r, an' perty soon somebody yelled, "It's buffalo -- looks like a million of 'em, an' they're comin' this way." Mebbe ther wuzn't a fuss then. Everbody wuz shoutin' to everbody else, an' givin' orders, an' rushin' 'round like crazy people. Some o' the men got out on horses, an' some way or 'nother, what with ther yellin' an' wavin' whatever they cud get hold of, they kept the buffalo from comin' thru the camp. I c'n remember it all ez plain ez day, seein' them buffalo tear by, with their tails up an' ther heads close to the ground. Ther must 've ben a hunderd or more. That's a long way from a million, but the ground jest shook as they went by. Some o' the men got some good shots, an' we had plenty o' buffalo meat for awhile.

Bein' so little I can't remember very much about crossin' the plains. When we first got here we went to Oregon City an' stayed for a while. When we started from I-o-way father meant to go to Californy, but when they got to wher the roads parted to Oregon an' Californy, he came to Oregon. When we wuz in Oregon City we wuz perty close to wher Doctor McLaughlin [McLoughlin] lived. I remember seein' a squaw out in his yard. She wore dresses, but she had bare feet. I remember thet, an' I remember hearin' 'em say thet wuz Doctor McLaughlin's wife.

Ther wuz a man named Jewett in Oregon City thet father knew in I-o-way, an' he got to tellin' father 'bout the Clatsop Plains country, so father decided he'd go down ther. Ther wuzn't any roads then, o'course -- jest Indian trails. Finally it wuz decided father an' my oldest brother

would drive the stock down over the trail. I think he hed a cow, a yoke o' oxen an' two horses, an' Mr. Jewett tuk mother an' the rest of we young'uns down the river. We went in a big Indian canoe, with two Indians to paddle it. Goin' down the Willamette we passed a place where ther wuz a few cabins, an' Mr. Jewett sed, "That's Portland." Mother al'ays laughed when she tol' that. Oregon City wuz a lot bigger then. I wish I c'd remember thet trip down the Columbia. Jest mother, we three young'uns, thet strange man, an' the two siwashes [Indians], in a canoe on that big, lonesum river. It tuk sever'l days o' course, an' we had to camp at night, an' I remember once when we wuz climin' ashore on a log I perty near fell in. I wuz scared nigh to death.

We went up the Skipanon River frum Astoria, wher father settled an a squatter's claim. It wuzn't surveyed then. They jest had squatter's claims. We jest camped at first, an' then father built a log cabin with shake roof, an' a fireplace made o' sticks an' mud. It hed a floor too, sort o' what you'd call a puncheon floor I guess -- logs hewed flat on all sides an' put together. We'd brought two chairs across the plains thet father'd made in I-o-way. They hed cowhide seats in 'em. Later on, here in Oregon, he put rockers on 'em, an' they wuz al'ays father an' mother's chairs. Father c'd make furniture real good. He made tables an' cupboards an' benches, real good they wuz. We c'd be usin' them yet if they hadn't got burned up. I still got one o' the li'l ol' rockin' chairs down on the farm.

They wuz lots o' elk down in thet country in them days, an' we got salt an' pervisions from the Hudson's Bay Co. No, we never used salt from that ol' salt cairn [in Seaside]. Mother brought all kinds o' garden seed from I-o-way, an' the next year we had a good garden. Before the gold excitement wuz over in Californy we wuz sendin' butter down on the boats to

the miners. I remember hearin' the folks say they got a dollar a pound fer butter, an' \$5.00 a barrel for potatoes. I guess folks'd like to get thet much now fer butter an' potatoes. 'Course we us'd to make our own lights then. They wuz wick candles. The way we made 'em wuz to take wicking out the length of a candle, an' through a loop made at each end o' the wicking we'd put a stick. Then, holdin' 'em by the stick at each end -- mebbe there'd be half a dozen or more wicks -- we'd dip 'em in melted tallow. As soon as they'd harden we'd dip 'em again, doin' it over an' over 'til the candles wuz big enough to use. My! but didn't coal oil lamps seem wonderful when we got to usin' 'em. An' wuzn't I glad, 'cause I al'ays hed to help make the candles, soon as I wuz big enough. No, them candles wuzn't very good light, but ev'rybody went to bed early then -- an' got up early too.

Ev'rybody hed chores an' work to do - an' ther wuz plenty o' work I can tell you. All the cookin' o' course wuz done at the fireplace. Meat wuz roasted by putting a big piece o' tin in front o' the fire. It wuz a sort o' reflector; the meat wuz put between it an' the fire, an' you never tasted anythin' better then meat roasted that way. Bread an' pies and cake all wuz baked in the dutch oven, a big iron, round kettle that sat on short legs an' hed a long handle, an' a lid thet curved up 'round the edges. The kettle wuz set on coals, an' coals an' ashes wuz heaped on the lid.

Later, when we got pigs, father smoked ham an' bacon for the winter. First after the hogs wuz killed, he'd make a heavy salt brine, then he'd rinse the hams an' sides in thet, an' then he'd build a fire on the ground o' the smoke house an' hang the hams an' sides over it, an' thet would go on fer days an' days. 'Course he didn't hev only just fire enough to make a good smoke, an' he never us'd anythin' but crabapple or alder; mostly it wuz wild

crabapple.

No, we didn't hev much amusement when I wuz a young girl. It wuz wicked to do most anythin' in them days. My father thought cards an' dancin' wuz the devil's own. Down on Clatsop Plains wuz where the Presbyterians built their mission, you know, I don't remember much about that. I think a Mr. Lewis Thompson started that. But I remember how good everybody wuz. I us'd to hear about a boy that went fishin' one Sunday to a place called Stanley Point. He caught a salmon, an' he had to pass the church goin' home with it an' his folks wuz there an' they scolded him terrible. He wuz tellin' somebody about it, an' they ask'd him what they did with the salmon, an' he sed, "Why they et it; they et every bit of it."

The Presbyterians us'd to preach fire an' brimstone all right, an' so did the Methodists and the Baptists when they cum. Once at a camp meetin' at Skipanon all the people wuz down on their knees prayin' an' groanin' an' the preacher an' the saved were goin' about, puttin' their hands on the folks kneelin' an' sayin' "The Lord bless you," "Thank the Lord, came to glory," an' all over the place you old hear "Amen! Amen! Amen!" It wuz jest terrible an' I wuz just about scared to death.

When we went to school it wuz in an ol' log house, an' there wuz an empty room, an' there we young uns learned to dance. All the music we had wuz an ol' jewsharp one o' the boys had, an' he could play it perty good. But what made me mad wuz when my father, after he got along in years, learned to dance. Can you beat that? I wuz 17 or 18, an' there wuz a dance in Ross Hall at Astoria, an' father took sister an' me to the ball, an' he paid \$5.00 a ticket. I al'ays did resent that, even though it wuz a grand ball, all decorated an' everythin'. Wewaltzed some, but mostly it wuz square dances and the Virginia Reel.

I ought to be awful good, but I'm not. It al'ays made me mad when a preacher put his hand on my shoulder an' sed, "An' how is it with [your?] soul, sister?"

My husband died 46 years ago. I wuz on a farm, an' after he went I stayed there, lookin' after the stock, an' plowin' on, gettin' in th' hay, jest like a man. My daughter, Dick, the only one of my children left, wuz with me, an' we did everythin', jest havin' a hired man to run the mowin' machine mebbe. Sometimes we milked from eight to ten cows, an' we made butter an' sent it to Astoria .

Yes, it wuz my father thet first owned all of what is now Gearhart. After father died. my oldest brother [John Gearhart] administered the estate, an' he sold the property to Mr. Kinney, who first started a resort there. It wuz Ben Holliday who started the first resort down that way though -- the one at Seaside. He built a big wooden hotel an' he had a quarter-mile race track, an' then his friends begin to come down from Portland, an' they would have horse races. My! I c'n remember seein' them people when they first got there. The roads wuz so dusty, an' their faces wuz jest like a siwash. Thet ol' hotel stood there a long time. It wuzn't so many years ago it burned down.

I us'd to talk jargon like a siwash. Once down at Gearhart some ladies wuz visitin' me, an' they c'd talk jargon too. We had lunch, an' we wuzn't to say anythin' but in jargon. One of 'em, Mrs. Vantine, wuz perty good, so I sed to her, "*Potlatch nika mika seopose*" (Give me your hat) First she looked kinda puzzled, an' then, all at once she smiled an' took off her hat an' giv it to me.

Well, I'm gettin' a little old -- 96 years my next birthday, but I feel chipper as a chipmunk, an' I jes like to see anybody call me "Grandma" thet I ain't "grandma" to. ❀

The Diary of Alba Jensen

Edited by Liisa Penner

About eight years ago, my neighbor, Lavina Christensen Brandon, gave me a diary that she had found many years before. The diary, dating to 1925 was kept by Alba Christine Jensen, a 21-year old woman who was teaching school in the Saddle Mountain area and living with the Asmus Marxen family. The diary illustrates what life was like in those days for school teachers who taught in out-of-the-way places all over the U.S. and boarded with the families of the school children. Excerpts from this diary appear below.

Alba was born in Portland, Oregon on January 22, 1903. She is on the 1920 census for Clatsop County with her parents and sister, Laretta (known as Babe). They lived on the east side of the Lewis and Clark River just south of the present location of the Netel Grange. Alba's father was Nis (J.H.) Jensen who was born in 1869 in Flensburg, Germany near the Danish border. He died in an auto accident in 1927. Alba's mother was Alwyne Petersen, also from Germany, who died in Multnomah County in 1947.

Alba graduated from Astoria High School in January 1922 and attended college at Monmouth and a college in Washington State. In April 1936, at the age of 33, Alba married Earl W. Eyman who was from Westport, Oregon. The couple had one child, William D. Eyman, who resides near Fairbanks, Alaska. She worked as a substitute teacher in the Portland area schools in the late 1940s and 1950s and then in the Special Education program in the St. Johns area. Alba

died in September 1964, some thirty-two years ago.

Alba's son expressed an interest in the original diary and it was given to him.

Sun. Jan. 4. Drizzly & heavy showers. Drove out to the [Youngs River] falls and there took the speeder* which came by ½ hr later and rode up to the gravel donkey** and there walked to Marxens', packing my suitcase. Gosh was it heavy. Was awfully glad to get back. Same old place. Looks good to see it again.

Mon. Jan. 5. All children back at school except Whites. Even Aaron [Adolph] was back. He was quite tired tho. Fixed up school a little. Mrs. Marxen and Mrs. Polen had cleaned it up nicely for me because I had such a toothache the day school closed...G [Gustaf] came up with the mail.

Tues. Jan. 6. Rained and hail storms. Showers. I should say. Mrs. Polen visited at Marxens'. All had the "haha's." Poor Helen [Polen]. I worked on my bureau scarf and some on Mrs. Marxen's napkins, crocheting.

Thurs. Jan. 8. Fair, warm & rainy, a few showers. It is Stanley Solle's Birthday. He is 9 yrs old. The kids had a regular "ruff house" at school. Helen was the worst of all. Got mail today. I wrote in my memory book.

Fri. Jan. 16. Today is Ernest Adolph's Birthday. I scrubbed the school house floor and am kind of tired. Ernest fixed the broken broom.

Sun. Jan. 18. Slept late -- got up about 9, crocheted and sewed and read all day. Gustaf Lindberg came up in evening & played cards. I had on my new tunic blouse. Mrs. Polen & Helen came down in afternoon. Toward evening, Mr. Deeds came over. He left before dark.

Tues. Jan. 20. Harold & Aaron [are] back at school again. Mrs. Polen came down. Helen was here. I started the Cluny lace for a table runner that I intend to give Aunt Minna next Christmas.

Thurs. Jan. 22. Rain and storm. Wind. My birthday. Mrs. Polen came over in the afternoon. Helen forgot and went home first. But she soon came back. I got a cute little pin cushion from Helen made by herself. A box of candy from Mrs. Polen & a box of stationary. All lovely presents. Mr. Deeds came in and gave us a demonstration of his fiddling. Gustaf Lindberg came up in the evening.

Fri. Jan. 23. Good weather. We played volleyball with the net stretched across the road between two hemlock trees.

Mon. Jan. 26. Weather fair. Helen brot records from M & W Co. They are good. I like them. They are "Mother Machree," "Three o'clock in the Morning," "Hawaiian" & "On the Road to Mandalay." I don't think the rest care for them. Gustaf came up.

Tues. Jan. 27. Showers all day. I dismissed the kids at 2 oclock. I was so sick. I stopped six times on way to Marxens'--about 1/4 mile. My, this year seems long. It is only half gone now &



Courtesy of William D. Eyman

Alba Jensen Eyman, about 1922.

I wish it was more than gone.

Wed. Feb. 4. Terrible weather. Thunderstorms, rain & hail showers. Evening lovely & stars are out. It is 10 oclock & I am writing this in bed. I finished Mrs. M.'s napkins & am now working on the table cloth to match. It is a water lily pattern -- very pretty.

There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it hardly behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us.

Fri. Feb. 6. Showery, hail & rain. I had not much ambition to work today. I was happy till I came home, however, then, ugh. I worked on Martha Anne's little suits & on Mrs. Marxen's tablecloth



CCHS Acc. # 89.114.28

Top photo: At the Marxen home about 1921. Asmus Marxen hides behind the post on the top step. Gustaf Lindberg is on his right. Mary Marxen, wife of Asmus, is on the lower step between a school teacher, on the left, and Helen Toikka (?). The photo below shows the Saddle Mountain School on the Marxen property.

CCHS Acc. # 89.114.28



& wrote 2 letters. Mr. Lindberg came up for yeast. Talk of 2nd coming of Christ tonight. Mr. Deeds came back. The camp are pulling spruce trees from around here and planting them in the canyons.

Thurs. Feb. 12. Lincoln's Birthday. We had a small program about Lincoln. Deeds and Adolph are working near the school now. They promised not to cut down the two hemlock trees for our volley ball net. I finished my one pillow slip -- am awfully tired of them.

Sat. Feb. 14. Fair weather. St. Valentine's Day. I went home. I did a lot of shopping. Played the most pitiful five hundred game I ever played. Had hair cut.

Sun. Feb. 15. Fine weather. The bus came down early and all the kids came down to meet me. Met Helen Polen, Mary Markkola, Sara and Emma Markkola and Marie Sutherland on the track when I got off the bus.

Wed. Feb. 18. We had lots of company in the evening. It was Mrs. Marxen's 68th birthday. Polens all and Mr. Williams and Gustaf and Bill Deeds. Played cards and danced and Bill Deeds played his "fiddle." We had the most all-around good time since goodness only knows when.

Sun. Mar. 1. Mrs. M & I climbed to the top of the mountain back of the house. Later we went down to McBrides. Emma & Sarah Markkola were there. Camp 4 [a logging camp] seems so quiet and lonesome. Mr. Deeds & Mr. Ridderbusch came up and they played cards. I ironed my blouse & then I had a headache, so did nothing. "March" seemingly "came in like a lamb."

Fri. Mar. 6. Mr. Polen's Birthday. We went up to spend the evening. Mr. Deeds was up also and played his fiddle. Mr. Polen played on his mouth harp and Mrs. Polen played the phonograph. Deeds sang a song, "Molly Dear." It was

a scream.

Sat. Mar. 7. Lovely Day. Mrs. Marxen and I went down to Adolphs to see Ernest's knee. It is the most terrible thing I ever saw... I got so sick when I saw it that I had to leave. I believe there is blood poison in it.

Sun. Mar. 8. Rainy all day. All our hopes for volley ball went to smash. We went down to Johanesson's for the afternoon. Mr. Polen was there. We played cards & I worked on crossword puzzles. I ironed clothes this morning. I am going to write letters.

Sat. Mar. 9. The most lovely day, but cold. The mountain was covered with snow. It snowed and froze. They took Ernest to town yesterday.

Thurs. Mar. 12. Showery but mild, not heavy rain either, just mist. Gustaf went to Olney again. I have had a continuous headache since Monday. Mrs. M & I were down after the mail. H. M. [Henry Marxen] was ahead of us--he was mad. Gustaf came up at about 8:30 for yeast-Gee, he was snippy. I ironed in the afternoon & darned my socks. For the rest, nothing happened.

Fri. Mar 13. Played with the volley ball down on the road. Deeds moved his [logging] camp up by Vaughns.

Mon. Mar. 16. I spoke to Adolph and it seems he has great hopes for Ernest. He may come home next Saturday. I crocheted some on my table runner but am most disappointed with it. It pulls.

Tues. Mar. 17. Jack the Mule came up on the porch this evening and I was afraid it would eat up the cat.

Wed. Mar. 18. Mrs. Marxen washed clothes and I ironed in the evening. Gustaf went to Olney. We got some mail. Johanesson came up after yeast.

Sun. Mar. 29. Fine all day. I sewed on Martha Ann's hat in the morning. In the afternoon we went down on the road & down in the field. Mrs.

Marxen, Mrs. Polen, Mr. Polen, Helen Polen, Mr. H. Marxen, Gustaf Lindberg & Myself played. Mr. Deeds & Mr. Williams watched for a while.

Mon. Mar. 30. Fair weather. Mild but rainy in the afternoon. I was sewing on Martha Ann's hat yet. Read the "Sea Hawk."

Tues. Mar. 30. Fine weather. Helen and I played volley ball down on the road. Gustaf came and played a little while too. Harold Adolph went to Astoria to see his brother.

Wed. Apr. 1. Quite an enmity has sprung up between the [logging] camp children and the others [children from the farms].

Tues. Apr. 7. Beautiful weather, warm and Sunny. Johanesson went to Olney. Harold brot mail & I got my pictures. Most were good. Marxens butchered their pigs. Gustaf was there for dinner. Helen & I played ball after school. Mrs. Marxen & I went out to pick trillium & later we went to get our mail.

Mon. Apr. 13. Fine weather. I got some more crossword puzzles & had a little talk. Mrs. Polen was at Johanesson's & came up to school & we went home. I heard some more choice morsels. I ironed clothes that Mrs. Marxen washed tho she was quite sick. I taped up my ankle. It is all swollen & blue. I finished my pillowslip.

Tues. Apr. 14. Had a short talk with Gustaf this morn. & found out some more news. Oh! Boy!***

I read quite a bit in "Captain Blood" tonight. I started a buffet set. Helen & I played some ball after school after we were through painting.

Sun. Apr. 19. We played volley ball in the barns and out by the gravel donkey. Later we played tag in the old barn. We also had a bonfire. Gustaf Lindberg and I went up to Polens and

played cards and ate a whole plate full of candy. We had midnight lunch at Polens, coffee and cake. Mr. Polen afforded us with some home music.

Sun. May 3. Hot all day. We played volley ball in afternoon. It certainly was hot. We took some pictures & Romped about quite a bit. In evening Gustaf & I went up to Polen's & played "Rook." Later we went for a walk up the track & got home at about 12:15 & talked till about 1. Gee! Whiz!

Mon. May 4. Fine weather. The typical day after the night before. Johanneson went to Olney. We went to get the mail.

Fri. May 8. Fine weather. Last day of school.

Mon. May 11. Fine weather. Gustaf & I went up to Polen's & played cards -- got home at two. Mrs. Marxen went with me down to Adolph's to see about Ernest's knee.

Tues. May 12. Fine weather. Mr. Marxen's birthday. I ironed clothes. In the evening we had a party. Dancing was the main feature. "Pit" was played. Those present were Mr. Marxen, Mrs. Marxen, H. Marxen, Mr., Mrs. & Helen Polen, Emma, Sarah and Arthur Markkola, Mr. Deeds, Mr. Lindberg, Mr. Pierce & myself. Mr. Deeds played his violin--Mr. Polen played his mouth harp. Music was great.

Alba remained at Marxens' for a few days before returning to her parents' home. That fall she went to college at Monmouth.

Ernest Adolph's knee healed and he returned to school, but his little brother, Aaron, who had been ill, died suddenly of a heart attack in October.

** A "speeder" is a motorized cart that runs on railroad tracks.*

*** A gravel donkey was a mechanism used to haul rock out of the river bed. The rock was dumped into railroad cars and then spread between railroad ties on the track.*

****Alba does not explain the news.*

ASTORIA'S CANDY MAN

By Walter (Wally) Palmberg

Many of the older generation of lower Columbia residents can recall to this day the famous Hoefler Centennial chocolates. YUM! YUM! Did us kids love those big cream-filled Centennial chocolates! Rum flavored, two in a box, and only five cents! Of course, when it came to the larger boxes of Centennial chocolates, few of us youngsters could find more than a nickel in our pockets at any one time. But when we did find a nickel, more times than not, we beat a path to Hoefler's candy store. Rum flavored? Well, this cream filler almost got our candy man in trouble with the state food and dairy commission at one time.

Where did this candy man come from? What drew him in the late 1800s to settle in Astoria, a rough and robust settlement dominated by Scandinavian and Finnish fishermen and loggers? Certainly not a cultivated and refined community one would associate with, of all things, fancy chocolate candies.

Henry R. Hoefler was a native of Syracuse, New York, born on the 10th of July 1865. He pursued his formal education in that city at the same time serving as an apprentice in the confection trade under his father and his uncle who had been confectioners all their lives. Henry's apprenticeship taught him the best methods of making fine candies and also cake baking.

Henry established a confection business in Syracuse, New York, but taken by wanderlust, he left after one year to go traveling throughout the west. Engaging in various business enterprises,

he spent three years in the confectionery business in California. Around 1893, Henry arrived in Skagway, Alaska on the first large ship to put in there. Surprisingly, instead of becoming a "stam-peder" in search of gold, he opened what was reputed to be the first real estate office there. He prospered but remained in Skagway only a year and a half before departing for Portland, Oregon seeking a location for a confectionery. Whatever it might have been, something drew Henry Hoefler to Astoria, Oregon. In the spring of 1895, he opened a store at 10th and Exchange streets.

Three years later, in September of 1898, Henry Hoefler purchased the Bonbonniere Candy Shop on Commercial Street. The following March, he held a gala opening. An article in the July 2, 1900 issue of the *Astoria Daily Budget* proclaimed that, "Hoefler's Bonbonniere is one of the most handsomely decorated business houses in the city if not really the best. ...His electric sign is a novelty never before seen in Astoria and in addition to his arch of bunting, his window is most tastefully arranged and is by no means the least attractive part of the decorations."

By the end of 1901, Mr. Hoefler had enlarged his factory to become the largest and most modern candy factory in the state. "A fine [assortment of ?] novelties for the holidays was on display for the first time in Astoria, tree decorations and Christmas boxes in great variety."



CCHS Photo #967-100

Astoria Regatta Committee, 1902. From left, Will Madison, Charles Cellars, (?), Harry Hoefler, John Griffin.

New locations

The following year the enterprising Mr. Hoefler received from the Studebaker carriage manufacturer the finest delivery wagon that could be built. It was observed that this matched exactly everything that Hoefler has and does. Henry Hoefler was not only building up his business but was also participating in community affairs. Among other activities, during the Regatta celebrations in 1901 and 1902, he served on the Regatta committees.

In the summers of 1903 and 1904, Mr. Hoefler opened branch stores in

Long Beach, Washington and in Seaside. In June 1904, he sold his confectionery and fruit store adjoining the Unique Theater in Astoria to A. Kalunki. In September of that year, with the summer season at an end, he closed his branch stores in Long Beach and Gearhart, but kept the Seaside store open.

On February 2, 1905, Mr. Hoefler incorporated the Hoefler Company with R.V. Jones and Charles Page. The object of the company was to engage in the wholesale and retail confectionery business, and to own, operate and conduct restaurants, hotels or rooming houses. A month later, the company announced that

its new restaurant was ready for business. It boasted of the finest linens, crockery, silverware and other necessities and promised to become the most popular and inviting eating place for both men and women in the city. In conjunction with this, he had hired a first class chef and a first class baker to see that this department was kept up to the highest standards.

On June 16th of this same year, Henry Hoefler incorporated the Hoefler Manufacturing Company in the Multnomah county clerk's office in Portland. The incorporators were H.R. Hoefler,

R.V. Jones and E.G. Miller. Jones and Miller were Portland business men. The object of the company was to operate a plant in Portland for the manufacture of confectioneries.

H.R. Hoefler was continually expanding his confectionery and ice cream business. Planning to include a wholesale department, he purchased a lot on the south side of Commercial between 18th and 19th streets. On this, he laid out a plant where the candies and ice cream would be manufactured. It would include its own ice making plant and cold storage rooms. Details were to be worked out after his return from a trip in the east to examine similar plants and learn the most modern and successful methods of construction and arrangement. On this trip, he bought a candy factory intact, the Eastern Candy Company. It gave him the opportunity to keep up with the increasing demand for his candy.

Business was booming for Mr. Henry Hoefler as a result of his indefatigable enterprise. Not content with his Astoria establishments, a Portland confectionery factory and his newly acquired factory back east, in the spring of 1908, he set up a new soda and ice cream department in his Astoria store, decorated with a number of handsome and costly paintings which he had accumulated in past years.

Centennial Chocolates

In March 1911, Mr. Hoefler announced extended improvements to his place of business as a result of the coming Astoria centennial celebration. His store front was being remodeled to include a series of one hundred electric lights in a special artistic design. In the August special Centennial edition of the Astoria newspaper, Mr. Hoefler placed an advertisement pointing out that he had established his business in Astoria in 1898. The Centennial edition contained

a page of individual photos of ten prominent Astoria dignitaries and Mr. Hoefler was one of them. It was during this notable one hundred-year celebration of the founding of Astoria that Mr. Henry Hoefler launched his famous "Centennial" Chocolates.

In addition to preparing his store for the Centennial celebration, Henry Hoefler organized and sponsored a boy's Zouave drum corps of about thirty members to march in the big celebration parade. Adopting the brilliant dress and rigid drill of the Algerian Zouaves, the drum corps, led by their sponsor, was one of the highlights of the parade.

In the fall of 1912, Mr. Hoefler hosted a dancing party in the large rear room of his store. The floors were well-waxed, and elaborate decorations provided for a small but delightful hall. The guest list of the dancing party gives some idea of the elite circle of friends that Mr. and Mrs. Hoefler mixed with socially. The list included a number of well-established Astoria families and their friends: Miss Fanny Gregory, Miss Sue Gregory, Miss Mary Eakin, Miss Esther Gearhart and her guest, Miss Zola Henderson of Portland, Miss Mary Ward, Miss Gladys Graham, Mrs. Harry Flavel, Miss Gayle Roberts, Miss Elva Jeldness, Mrs. J.T.N. Colloway, Mr. and Mrs. E.G. Higgins, Abel Wright, Mervyn Troyer, Ivar Ross, Dan Whitman, Edgar Gearhart, Lawrence Rogers and Mrs. Forseyth.

Russell Dark's *History of the Port of Astoria* printed in 1975 contains a number of references to Mr. Henry Hoefler: "With election time approaching, two new candidates filed for positions on the Port Commission. They were George W. Warren, a prominent citizen of Warrenton, and Harry Hoefler whose Centennial chocolates had become world famous three years before." Mr. Warren won the position. The book states that



CCHS Photo #967-100

Hoeftler's Ice Cream Parlor at 543 Commercial in Astoria about 1908, in the Page Building, near the present location of J.J. Newberry's. The candy factory was in the rear of the Palace Bath House, seen to the right. The offices of attorney John McCue and doctors Forsstrom and Finch were in the building.

Mr. Hoefler catered to the arrival of the Great Northern steamship serving three thousand cups of coffee. (Two large passenger liners provided passage from San Francisco to the new Flavel Hotel constructed on Tansy Point where a huge pier had been constructed. A railroad spur to the pier provided rail passage to Portland and other northwest cities. This era lasted but a short time as the two ships were soon taken over by the government to carry troops to Europe during World War I. The rail spur was soon abandoned and this was the beginning of the demise of the hotel and pier which soon passed into history.)

Enforcement of state liquor laws

"CENTENNIALS CONFISCATED," read the bold headline in the May 31, 1915 issue of the local newspaper [*the Astoria Daily Budget*]. The Food and Dairy Commission targeted Hoefler's candy because it contained liquor contrary to state law. Rumors had spread that an Astoria candy manufacturer had been doping his products. An inspector confiscated a quantity of Centennials in a Portland retail store. Hoefler immediately had his attorneys, Norblad and Hesse of Astoria, file an injunction. Astoria citizens claimed that confiscation had not taken place in any other city, and that this was only professional jealousy by Portland against anything made in Astoria. Hoefler's attorneys prevailed on a circuit court judge to forbid the State Food and Dairy Commission from confiscating the Centennials. Thus ended the story of the doped Centennials.

After the Centennial confiscation episode, Henry Hoefler announced that he was going to expand and sell his candies all over the Pacific Northwest. In Seattle, he placed his chocolates in the hands of a large brokerage house, Saylor's Candies. Then he left for San Francisco to establish factories through-

out the state of California.

Astorians were happy that the city was receiving a great deal of advertising through Mr. Hoefler's chocolates. A constantly growing demand for the chocolates again required that Hoefler's plant in Astoria expand. Competition was keen in the chocolate trade. Many large eastern houses had long supplied the Pacific coast with sweetmeats [candy] but the great bulk of the product was now produced in Astoria.

The National Ice Cream Manufacturers Association held its first annual meeting in Spokane, Washington in 1916. Over 109 delegates were present at the convention from all parts of the United States. Mr. Hoefler read one of his papers dealing with the retail end of the business. As a result, he had the honor of being elected the first treasurer of the National Ice Cream Manufacturers Association.

In July of 1917, Mr. Hoefler awarded a contract to Palmberg and Mattson to erect a new building between 17th and 18th streets that would be utilized as a candy factory. The following spring, Hoefler announced a big re-opening after completion of the new construction and alterations. Visitors found the entire layout was absolutely breathtaking. The parlors and rooms were redecorated and the main room was beamed in enameled white and paneled with a soft shade of grey. Display cases and the back bar matched the booths. Mahogany open booths were upholstered with leather. The furnishings of the tea room were elegant, enhanced by the ivory tints. The large French windows were draped in shades that harmonized perfectly with the ivory walls and furniture. "It is here that milady will meet her friends and entertain in an informal fashion." This brief description (there is much more in the newspaper) is enough

to provide some idea of the classical aesthetic tastes Mr. Hoefler had that contributed so much to his success.

When the fall of 1919 came, Mr. Hoefler again announced a new addition to his candy factory. This \$50,000 addition to the factory would be built on the lot to the east. Its four stories and concrete basement would have a frame asbestos construction. The addition would increase the output of the present factory three times. It was expected that the new addition would furnish employment to an additional 125 people.

The first part of May in 1920, Henry Hoefler filed a lawsuit against his son who had earlier opened a candy factory in San Francisco. The son claimed that he did not receive any commissions promised him while serving as agent for his father's candy business. He, therefore, decided to start in business for himself using a distinctive trademark for his product. The Federal Trade Commission dismissed the complaint on the grounds that the son had engaged in the confection business in San Francisco before Henry had opened his factory there.

Henry Hoefler left for the east where he was opening a new candy factory in Buffalo, New York. He had purchased a building in which to manufacture his famous Centennials and other candies. It was announced that the name, "Astoria," would be on every box of Centennial chocolates that the Buffalo plant put out. While back east, Henry also visited with his daughter, Doris, who was studying music at one of the conservatories in Boston.

Astoria's baseball field

On September 21, 1920, Henry Hoefler feted the Astoria Centennials baseball team with an elaborate banquet rewarding them for a successful season. He entertained the team, the manager and

a few invited guests. Each player received a package containing an Ever-sharp pencil, and the manager received a wrist watch, all gifts from Mr. Hoefler. He stated during the festivities that he wanted to see a baseball park here where games of all kinds could be played. He promised that he would do his part to secure such a place. At the present time, the only suitable fields were Columbia Club field in Uppertown and a field on top of the hill adjacent to and west of Niagara between 3d and 4th streets.

As a result of Mr. Hoefler's backing, a field was constructed on the sand flats between Commercial and Exchange and 21st and 20th. Dirt was hauled in for an infield and a fence constructed around the playing field. Bleachers and a grandstand were set up on the north side with home base in the northeast corner.

Mr. Hoefler was soon back at it again a month following the banquet honoring the Centennial baseball team. This time he was remodeling his downtown store with \$10,000 worth of improvements. The principal changes were in the culinary department where the present kitchen was enlarged four times, with new equipment to modernize the operation.

On November 1, 1920, Henry Hoefler was honored by the Astoria Chamber of Commerce. Members at the luncheon sang praises of the Astoria candy king as a peerless citizen. Mr. E.E. Gray made a short speech, complimenting Mr. Hoefler on the national attention he had won with his Centennials and testifying to his worth as a citizen.

A month later, certain property owners, including J.S. Delaney, Robert Kinney, Don Welch and others in the Scow Bay district petitioned the city council to widen Commercial and Exchange streets between 17th and 23d by reducing the lots facing these two thor-

oughfares by twenty feet, leaving Duane Street as a six-foot alley. This was where the Hoefler factory was located. Mr. Hoefler vigorously protested such a move, declaring that if the City Council sanctioned the proposal, he would move his candy factory, machinery and all other equipment to California.

In February of 1921, Mr. Harvey Rones, superintendent of the Hoefler factory in Astoria, announced that he was leaving with his family for San Francisco to become associated in the management of Hoefler's new candy factory there. Hoefler had purchased a large brick building in a prominent part of the business and manufacturing district of the Bay City. With the opening of the San Francisco plant, Henry and his brother, Alex Hoefler of Buffalo, New York, now had three large candy confectionaries, one in Astoria, one in Buffalo, New York, and one in San Francisco. It was planned that the Astoria and San Francisco plants would take care of the trade in the west and the Buffalo factory take care of the trade east of the Mississippi.

Astoria citizens had been assured that despite the high costs of gas and electricity, Henry Hoefler was not planning at this time to move his plant to San Francisco. At this same time, however, Pacific Power and Light was placing an application before the Oregon Public Service Commission to increase Astoria rates.

At the beginning of 1922, Henry Hoefler sold his Astoria retail store to P.L. Cover and J.C. Wilson, two Portland business men. Hoefler still said nothing about selling the factory. He publicly thanked the Astoria people for their patronage and assured them that he was not leaving Astoria but would devote his entire time to the development of his wholesale business. [The sale of the retail business proved to be timely as the

whole of the downtown area of Astoria burned in December of 1922 taking the shop with it.]

From all appearances, Mr. Hoefler was remaining in Astoria, especially since he had announced on May 8, 1922 that he would finance the Astoria Centennial baseball team by providing uniforms and equipment. He said that he would assume the responsibility for seeing that the Centennial Park was in shape for the season and this he did. He said that he would get his remuneration for expenses from the gate receipts. It is a credit to Mr. Hoefler for the support he had shown for local athletes and making baseball in Astoria possible.

On August 26th of the same year came the announcement that many feared. On the front page of the *Morning Astorian* was the bold headline, "HOEFLER FACTORY TO CLOSE DOORS HERE." Hoefler, after all, had decided to move his factory and all the equipment to San Francisco. His decision may have been the result of a combination of a number of things: the increase in gas and electric rates on the one hand, and the widening of Commercial and Exchange streets, where his factory was located.

The major feature of the Armistice Day celebration on November 11, 1923 was the unveiling of a beautiful heavy bronze shield which was attached to the new annex at Astoria High School. The shield measured 40 by 40 inches and is surmounted by sixteen gold stars beneath which appears the inscription: "The last full measure of devotion." Upon the shield are also the words, "PATRIOT HALL, dedicated in honor of Clatsop county soldiers of all wars." The costly shield was donated by Henry Hoefler who had arranged to have it cast in a foundry in Seattle in 1921. This could be viewed as a parting gift by Mr. Hoefler

who had lived in Astoria for thirty-three years.

With the building of a new high school on Youngs Bay, the old high school buildings were absorbed by Clatsop Community College. Patriot Hall has been remodeled, but after 74 years, the bronze shield, identifying Patriot Hall, still shines brightly on the lower north side of the building for all to see.*

In 1923 the Hoefler candy factory was sold to L.D. Morgan and Len H. Lowrey. Mr. Hoefler also sold his beautiful home, one of the nicest in the city, to Charles Palmberg, a local contractor. The Hoefler home was located on Jerome Street between 16th and 17th across from the high school.

The Saylor Candy Company, with headquarters in San Francisco, continued to sell Centennial Chocolates until sometime after World War II, but eventually dropped the name.

In 1931, Henry Hoefler passed away in San Francisco. He was 66 years of age. His widow and five children survived him: Harry Hoefler, Jr., Raymond, Margaret, Myron, and Mrs. Doris Kulberg.

Henry Hoefler should never be forgotten. He was community-minded, giving unselfishly to Astoria. He has become an important part of the history of Astoria. His wonderful Centennial chocolates are still remembered, long after his passing, a tribute to the man and his accomplishments.❖

*A photograph of the shield appears on the back cover of this issue.

Walter (Wally) Palmberg is the author of the book, *Toward One Flag: A History of Lower Columbia Athletics*, published in 1993 by the Lower Columbia Athletics Association. See the Fall 1996 Cumtux (inside front cover) for his biography.

The ad below is from the 1910 *Souvenir And Year Book, Church of St. Mary, Star of the Sea, Astoria, Oregon*.

The Sweet Tooth

Latest scientific researches show the sweet tooth is a healthy normal instinct, that pure candy is a wholesome and nutritious food.

At HOEFLER'S are made and sold—candies that are not only delicious, but are pure and wholesome.



Largest Retail Candy Manufacturers
in Oregon

543 Commercial St. Astoria

Editor's Notes

A good memory

When Mary Mason read Joe Ferguson's article in the Winter issue of *Cumtux* about John Bryce and his wife, Janet Vance, she remembered having seen their names in a book she had donated to the Astoria Public Library a few months before. The *Dictionary of Scottish Emigration* by Donald Whyte, in volume 2, page 446, lists: "Vance, Janet, died 8 April 1878. From Sterling [Scotland]. Daughter of John V., ca. 1799-1867 and Janet Aitken. Died Astoria, Oregon, wife of John Bryce." The book is in the genealogy section of the library. Mary Mason was for many years a librarian there and did much to build the collection of Astoriana books.

The Quarterdeck

Members of the Maritime Museum were treated to a couple of wonderful articles in their *Quarterdeck* magazine recently. The articles were the reminiscences of Burr Osborn who had been on the U.S. Navy Survey Schooner *Shark* when it went aground in 1846. Many years after the wreck, Osborn corresponded with local historians and drew a map for them of Astoria in 1846 as he remembered it. The map was printed in the February 25, 1929 issue of the *Astoria Evening Budget* and shows Fort George at Shark's Point (now about 9th and Astor), the Hudson Bay store (about 15th and Exchange streets), and the missionary's house (now marked by a monument to John Shively on the east side of 15th Street between Exchange and Franklin).

Jim Dennon, former editor of *Cumtux*, wrote a book on the *Shark*, titled, *The Schooner Shark, Shark Rock and Cannon Beach*, (1988). Copies are available at local libraries.

The 1918 influenza virus

Those who would like to learn more about the killer virus which was the subject of an article in the last *Cumtux* can read about it in the March 22, 1997 issue of *Science News*. This issue contains an article titled, "A Doughboy's Lungs Yield 1918 Flu Virus." Shortly after the death of a 21-year-old Army private in September 1918, samples of his lung tissue were placed in a warehouse run by the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology in Washington D.C. A recent study of these tissues resulted in the deciphering of a part of the genetic code of the virus. According to Robert Webster of St. Jude Children's Research Hospital in Memphis, Tennessee, "The 1918 virus represents the ultimate disease-causing agent--in a sense it's like *ebola* gone mad. We need to understand as much as possible about this virus because the world will get another pandemic, maybe late in this century or early in the next." According to this article nearly 700,000 people in the U.S. died of the disease in 1918-19.

Some Twins Identified

Thanks are due to all those who have helped to identify the twins and the members of the Gyro Club in photos in the last issue of *Cumtux*. The photos along with the names will appear in the next CCHS newsletter.

**Clatsop County Historical Society
1618 Exchange, Astoria, OR 97103**



Courtesy of Wally Palmberg

This bronze plaque, decorated with fifteen stars, reads, "The Last Measure of Devotion. Patriot Hall. Dedicated in honor of Clatsop County Soldiers of all wars." Henry Hoefler donated the shield which was cast in 1921 and two years later placed on the wall of Patriot Hall, formerly part of Astoria High School (now Clatsop Community College) on 16th Street.